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Looking Forward

SINCE LONG BEFORE the publication of Herbert Asbury's biography of Carry Nation—which was concluded in the last number of The Outlook and Independent—the editors have been on the search for a serial worthy of following that excellent piece of work. We are glad to announce that *Stretchers*, a true account by Frederick Pottle of Yale of a field hospital unit's experiences in the late War, is the unanimous choice and will begin in our September 18th issue.

BEING OF THE OPINION that life itself, properly interpreted and reported, is more vivid and interesting than any fiction, no matter how revealing or searching, can ever be, this journal prints (knowingly) no fiction serials. It prefers human documents, either in the form of biography, autobiography, or records of personal experience. *Stretchers*, written by a man now a professor of English, who in company with a group of men personally went through what he writes about, is such a genuine record.

FROM THE DAY of enlistment at Fort Slocum on through the first glimpses of war at Belleau Wood until the coming of the Armistice, it is a true picture of the War which cannot be laughed off. Its authenticity—meaning no offense to Mr. Pottle—has been thoroughly tested by the Yale University Press which is to publish his book. The facts in it are genuine.

ALL THOSE PEOPLE who of late have felt themselves growing somewhat faint-hearted in their efforts to achieve peace between civilized nations should read it—as should some of our more fiery one hundred per cent patriots who are all for preparedness for war, but very little for preparedness against it.

FOR SUBSCRIBERS *Stretchers* will constitute an absorbing narrative tinged by a personal point of view with which all may not agree, but which makes vivid and poignant the scenes with which the record deals. We are glad to be able to print it.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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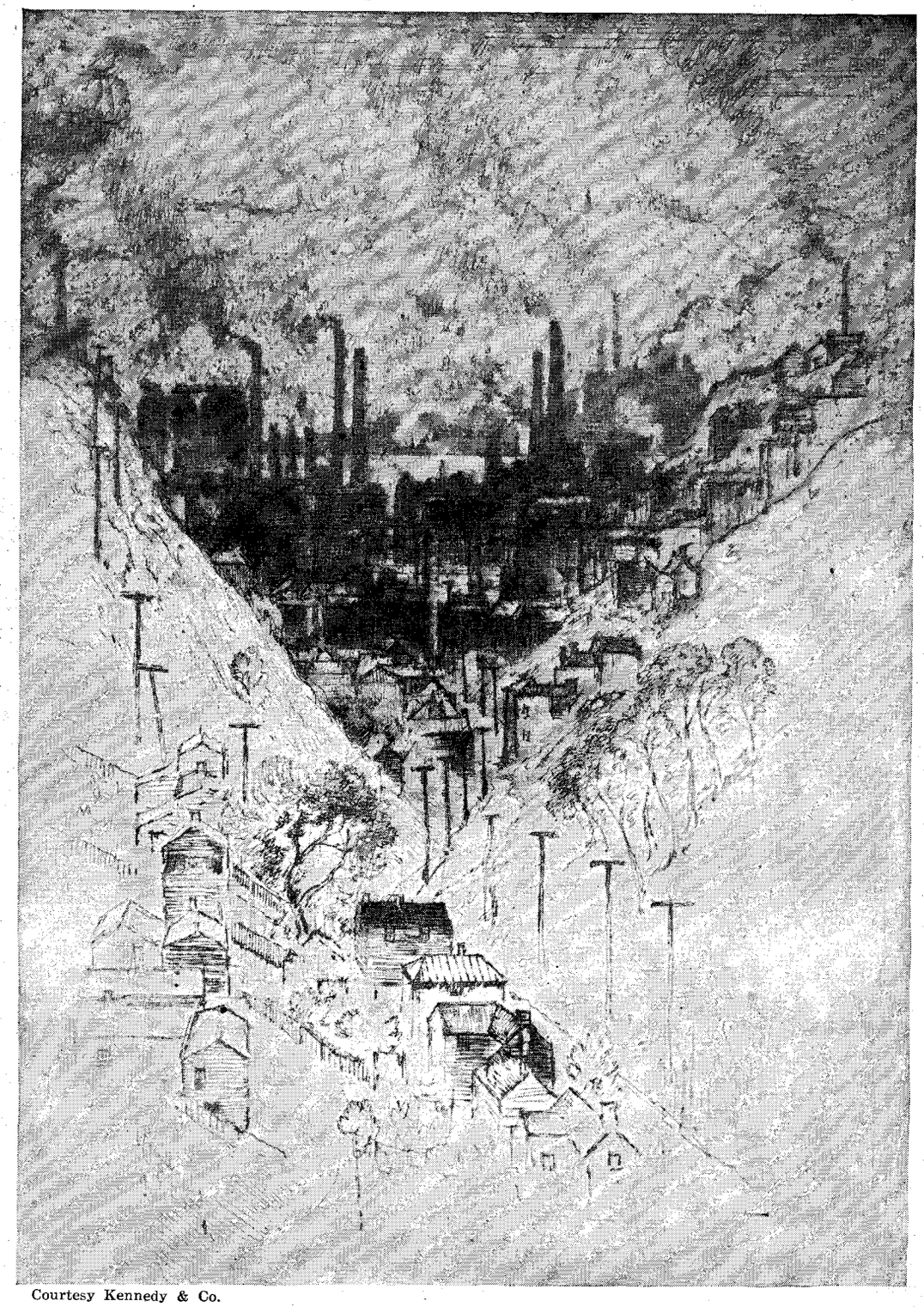

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PROGRESS

An etching by Joseph Pennell

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Outlook

and Independent

September 11, 1929

The Lesson of Gastonia

By EDGAR W. KNIGHT

In the South the growth of industry has raised an issue that is an old story in other sections; nor will the differences between capital and labor be composed by any verdict in the trial that is beginning as this issue goes to press. The author believes, however, that in the historic battles of capital and labor there are valuable lessons for his part of the country. Professor Knight is head of the School of Education at the University of North Carolina

PUBLIC discussion of the industrial conflict in the Southern states in recent onths, wide and lively ıroughout the period, has ıdened and become more live- as the lines of the struggle ıve spread. And these lines ıve spread. They have exnded through a score or more rikes in Southern textile lants since March and through strike- lief activities which have now and ıen worn a spectacular color; through ı least one kidnaping of agitators and rganizers of labor and through the requent calling out of the National Guard in the interest of the peace and ignity of the State; through threats ere and violence there; and finally ırough the outbreak in Gastonia, North Carolina, early in June, which resulted ı the death of Chief of Police Aderolt of that city and the subsequent arest of several men and women who are ow under trial in Charlotte, in a county djoining Gaston.

The roots of some of the problems hich these disturbances have drawn ublic attention to run back into hisoric sources too familiar to students of merican history to require recounting ere. And the facts and fancies of the trikes, particularly the one at Gastonia nd certain developments growing out f it, have flooded the press of the country. The upheaval has been charged in ome quarters to the work of radicals rom the outside. The Gastonia murder case has been compared with the Mooney case in California and with that of Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts. Fear even was at one time expressed in ome quarters that confused sentiments would defeat justice and that the men and women who were being tried for murder might be condemned because of their beliefs—their views upon atheism, free love, the Negro, anarchism and other strange doctrines, some of which conservative Southerners look upon as the inventions of Satan and those who use them as Satanic in intent and method.

"To the resident Gastonian," wrote a very keenly observing correspondent of a leading North Carolina daily, "there is but one issue. By all the sacred bugs and beasts of ancient Egypt he is determined that no organization which denies God, defies the American flag, and makes a mock marriage shall gain a foothold among 18,000 of the 'most contented workers' in the country. All else about the industrial disagreement is as a snowflake upon the river. The resident Gastonian knows that he is defending his home, his God and his country," and any one who disagrees with him is looked upon as giving aid and comfort to the enemies of society, or so it seemed to that correspondent.

In the heat of the campaign following the outbreak at Gastonia, with its many curious turns, the objectives of the strike seemed at one time to be obscured from the general view. Some competent observers seemed to agree that a just and fair trial of the defendants would be difficult, that those charged with murder were in a fair way to be condemned for their alleged beliefs about God or marriage. At one time the trial itself promised to be colorful by the clash of legalistic wits and wizardry. But when Judge M. V. Barnhill ordered a change of venue and announced the rules under which the trial was to be conducted, the danger (if it ever existed) that a fair trial would be impossible was in large part removed. In his charge to the grand jury this mild-mannered young jurist declared that the convictions of the defendants "upon social, economical, industrial, political, or religious matters . . . should not and will not be permitted to becloud the one issue we are to try."

BUT THE INDUSTRIAL situation has been threatened at another point. If those who are on trial in Charlotte go from it to the electric chair or to long terms in prison, those of their fellows who profess Communism may look upon such an outcome as the most highly competent evidence that capital has conspired with governing authority in North Carolina to try to destroy the righteous cause of laboring men and women.

Following the conflict in which Aderholt met death many of those on the scene of the trouble seemed to forget the incidents connected with the walkout from the Gastonia mill early in April. Their attention and that of many who do not live in the immediate community of the strike shifted from the strikers and a consideration of the justness or unjustness of their demands

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FUEL ON THE FLAMES

Ellen Dawson, a labor agitator, addressing the striking mill workers from the Loray Mill at Gastonia

and became centered on the outside agitators who were charged with having stirred up the strife.

This was not a strange phenomenon. The South has never been, is not now, and is not likely soon to become a fertile soil for radicalism in any form, whether in religion, in politics, in education, or in industry. The radical satisfies no demand of Southern nature. He is of the devil devilish and must be done away with, or so many people in many Southern communities think or feel. On the other hand, those who are charged with and are now on trial for the death of Aderholt are reported to see in the whole matter a conspiracy of capitalism inflamed in a commonwealth which they are said to believe or seem to believe allows property rights to lord it over human rights, where public opinion is intimidated into submission by those who have and where courts are bought with blood money extracted from those who have not. This is perhaps a natural view for some of the labor agitators to hold. Those who would die as martyrs to the cause of labor doubtless believe that the cards are stacked against labor and its friends.

Here are two points of view as opposite from each other as the poles. But another point of view is involved, if the press reports have been faithfully made, and it has a place in any analysis of the general situation. It is the traditional and conservative view of capital. In the South as in England a century ago and New England more recently, the grievances, actual or fancied, have been said and are generally believed to involve wages and hours and other conditions of work including the "stretch-out system." And there, as in other places in the past, has developed strong opposition on the part of some corporate interests and of individuals to the organization of labor and to any demands of labor which appear in the least dictatorial or retarding to legitimate business.

There are many open-minded people who believe that the strikes have been harmful to business. There is evidence that points to the folly of strikes at this time. Some of the mills, probably many of them, are known not to have made money recently, or so it is reported upon good authority; some of them are said to have been running in recent months largely to keep their operating forces together. "Had the strike agitators watched for a decade," declared one liberal and influential editor who seems to see the problem in the large, "they could not have picked out a more unfortunate hour in which to stage a revolt for shorter hours and more pay."

Moreover, well-informed people know the fact that industry has supplied the spark of progress in the South in recent years, and some of them believe that human conditions surrounding the workers in some of the mills are bette than the conditions which surround th workers who are in the toils of tenan farming.

But Southern textile owners have no favored and do not now favor unions Any effort toward unionization that i led by Northern agitators is heavil frowned upon by the employers. Thi attitude of the industrial leaders in th South must be kept in mind by any on who undertakes to gain a fair under standing of the present condition i Southern industry. Resentment wa expressed over the report a few week ago that a Committee of One Thousan had been organized to support a cam paign of the American Federation o Labor to organize into unions th 300,000 or more workers in the large textile mills in Alabama, Georgia, th Carolinas, and Tennessee. Som Southern papers and prominent in dividuals were bitter in their denuncia tions of the movement and others, ge erally considered tolerant and libera viewed it as unpromising. Objectio lay chiefly in the fact that it appeare as an effort of pressure by the Nort upon the South whose tradition has lon been a record of resistance to outsid interference with its institutions an customs.

A little less than a decade ago cotto mill strikes brought depression after period of what seemed to be immens profits of war times. Gaston County which was then as it is now the cente of industry in the Piedmont section c North Carolina, suffered somewhat b less than recently from the conflict. B this year, when the textile manufa turers may have believed that bette days for their industry were soon du labor conflicts of deeper significanc than ever before arose in the South, an Gaston County, the undisputed cente of comb yarn, quickly became the cente of the labor storm. "North Carolina i the key to the South, Gaston County i the key to North Carolina, and th Loray Mill is the key to Gasto County," explained a leader in the labo disturbance who was believed by som people to reveal a very close connectio between the strike in Gastonia and pro fessional agitators from the North wh were suspected of membership in th Communist party.

Those who have observed the situa tion closely during the last three or fou months believe, therefore, that the strik in Gaston County differed from th strikes in the textile industry in som

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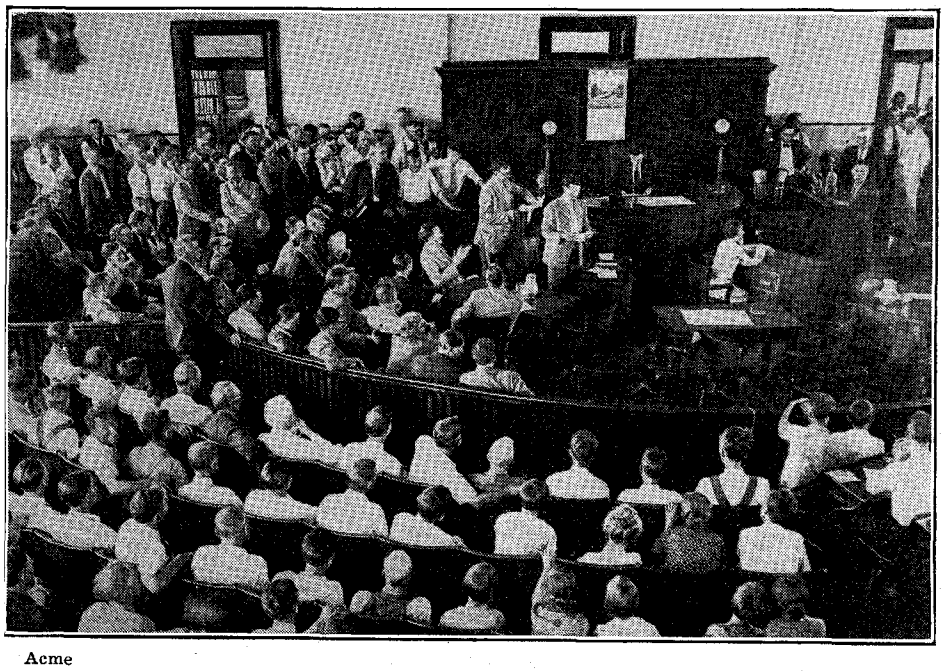
North Carolina cities in 1921 chiefly in leadership. The recent strikes were under the direction of the National Textile Workers' Union whose leaders once formed the radical wing of the United Textile Workers' Union, which was affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Some of these leaders profess Communism, it is alleged, which has come, along with some other isms, to obscure what was once believed to be the real issues of the strike, which were said to be better wages, shorter hours, and better living conditions. The strike leaders have not heralded from the house tops their faith in Communism, but those who have opposed such leaders have worked early and late to tell the world what views an economic, political, and religious, and industrial matters the strike leaders are believed to hold. And, as already noted, some of these views clash savagely with the traditional views of conservative Southerners. No part of the United States could be more hostile to some of the views attributed to some of these leaders. And so, when men and women alleged to be radical were arrested and charged with murder it was not strange that they should be reproached and condemned for their views on other matters.

But it is not the trial of a dozen or more men and women for murder that is of greatest significance in the present disturbance. Since Judge Barnhill ordered a change in venue and charged the grand jury so positively the general belief prevails that the defendants will receive a fair trial. Those who have watched the progress of the trial which began in Charlotte August 26 believe that the trial is just and fair. Nor is it the attitude of Southern textile owners toward unions that is of greatest significance, nor is it Southern hatred of outside agitation in its Southern industrial affairs. Of greatest significance is the fact that thoughtful people now are aware, and more surely aware than ever before, that the next great battles of organized labor against capitalism are to be pitched in this new industrial region and on the old issue of the rights of labor to organize and to bargain collectively for better wages and conditions of work.

No matter what the outcome of the trial now going on in Charlotte, therefore, the contest will continue. Following the settlement of the strike at Elizabethton, Tennessee, the American Federation of Labor announced through its president, William Green, to several thousand textile workers that all the resources of that organization would be used fully to organize them "until wages, hours, and working conditions compare favorably with those in other sections where labor is enjoying higher standards." And five days before the trial in Charlotte began the Associated Press carried under a New York date line the report that Thomas F. McMahon, president of the United Textile Workers of America, announced after a two-day session of the workers' emergency committee, that he had been informed "the American Federation of Labor will back his organization financially in its efforts to unionize the textile workers of the South."



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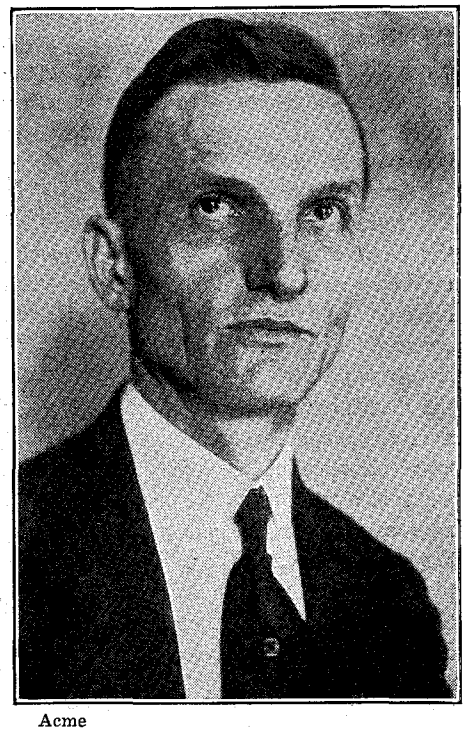
SEVENTEEN ON TRIAL FOR ONE MURDER

The courtroom at Gastonia as the seventeen prisoners were arraigned for the murder of O. E. Aderholt



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JUDGE M. V. BARNHILL

who ordered a change of venue in the murder trial

Although there seems to be no direct connection between the various strikes in several of the Southern states during the spring and summer of this year, a common situation soon became apparent to all close observers. Evidence of low pay and unnecessarily long working hours for the mill workers was widely published. Certainly it is the view of labor itself that labor conditions in the Southern textile industry are below standard. But it is the view of others also. Even the president of the American Cotton Manufacturers Association, H. R. Fitzgerald, is reported to have said "that there are localities in which exploiting is done. That is to say, labor is employed at very low wages. This cannot be expected to continue indefinitely. Such conduct is indefensible and holds down efficiency." Support for such a declaration as this may be seen also in the investigation and report made slightly more than a year ago by the United States Department of Labor which is said to have found distressing conditions in the South. According to that report a long hour week was the rule in most of the Southern states, and it was also claimed that women sometimes worked in the mills long hours for meager wages, and that in some places child labor was still

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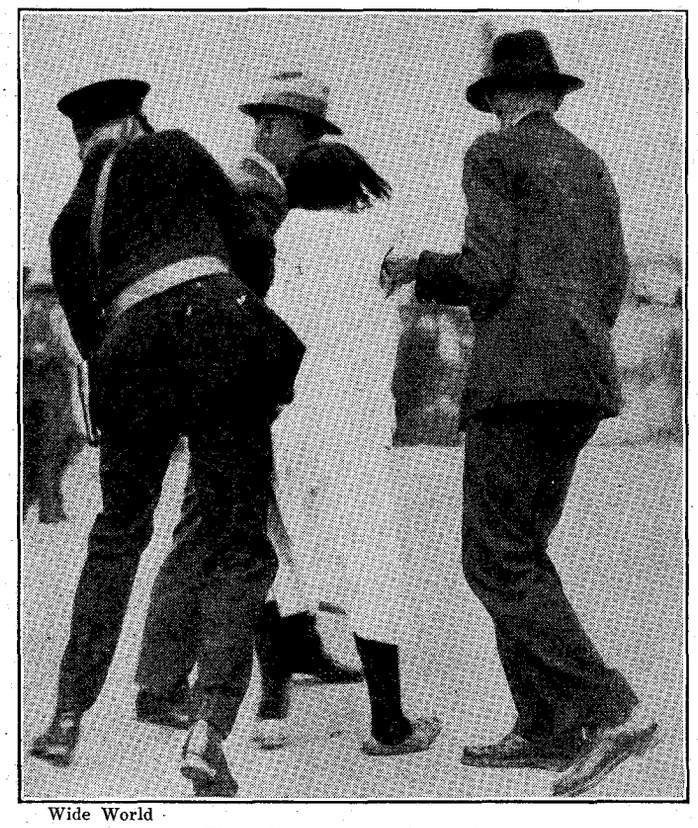
heavily exploited. If such a report as this is even approximately accurate, a vigorous union movement is to be expected as a means of raising working and living conditions to a better level in this new industrial section.

Moreover, the conviction grows that the industrial development in some of the Southern states has far outrun the methods now being used to solve the difficult social problems which have sprung from it. The liberal and progressive elements in the South believe that an economic prosperity and progress substantial enough to support a worthy social progress can never be had upon the basis of cheap labor. Real progress can be made only on the proper kind of labor conditions. Those who view the matter calmly and sanely and in the light of history are forced to the conclusion that the time has come when the leaders of both capital and labor in the South must view their rights and their interests in similar manner—calmly and sanely. The sentiment of the normally conservative Southern communities will continue to bring the plans of radical agitators to grief; but, the belief grows that if the radical or communistic elements gain strength in the Southern textile industry it will be acquired only because the attitude of mill owners is hostile, appears to be hostile, or is believed to be hostile, toward the efforts of the American Federation of Labor and its textile group to organize the textile workers in the South. Although there is strong hatred for the outside agitator and especially the radical agitator and organizer, there is widespread sympathy for the workers themselves. But if Southern manufacturers ever enjoyed an advantage over New England in the textile industry they are now paying heavy penalties for it in the interruption of business and in the ill-feeling that inevitably comes from such strife as the recent strikes have developed.

The impression seems to gain also in the South that it will be difficult to combat the advance of organized labor there. The employes in the textile industry are learning, as a result of the discussion of the strikes, that their wages are lower than those paid in the North; their temper is more congenial toward organization than formerly; and it is even possible for their attitude toward Northern organizers to become more friendly if relief does not come from other sources. If the owners of Southern textile mills have been able in the past to justify the low wages which they pay and to point to evidence of general industrial content, it will be more difficult to do so now or in the future. The recent strikes have been the means of educating the employes, employers, and the public generally on the subject. The publicity has been enlightening and revealing.



Wide World

The police use force on a striker

Some of these Southern states have had in recent years highly favorable publicity. Some of it has been generous, and a little of it has probably been extravagant in praise. Now some of them are receiving another kind of publicity and some of it, in the nature of the case, is likely to be unfavorable if not in fact unfair. An example was the plain talk by a Southern editor, about industrial conditions in the Southern states, on the program of an institute on public affairs at a Southern state university early in August. The opportunity of one Southern state to adjust itself to its rapid industrialization without the tragic cost heretofore entailed in industrial revolution was the recent theme of the president of that state's Conference for Social Service—a native of the state and an able professor in its university. His plea was for a commonwealth "where individualism will not mean the freedom of any individual to impair the lives of other men but will mean such social control as will guarantee the freedom of every individual to make the most of his personality, where machines shall not through the long watches of a sixty-hour week tyrannize over the bodies and spirit of men, where children in factories shall become children in school, where there shall be no industrial night work for women . . . where human deterioration will be recognized as an impairment of the general productive power and a detraction from the human satisfactions of all in the general life, where industrial production will wit the liberation of the mind and spirit of man for the creation of a more beautiful civilization. . . ."

In these and other signs there is hope that public spirited citizens and the progressive press of the South will meet squarely whatever just criticism Southern conditions draw from the world outside and will face frankly any ugly facts that come to the surface. As strikes assume larger and more serious proportions, and as public opinion becomes more accurately informed, the employers may become willing to meet the demands of the workers for higher wages and other improvements. Some are reported as willing now; but it is not uncommon to hear or read the report of employers who honestly think that it would be suicidal for them to begin the reform unless other mill owners join in it also. For the textile industry is highly competitive and there are those, as already noted, who believe it is sick; but whatever its condition, the industrial struggle is certainly the most important phase of life in the South at this moment.

Hastened by the rapid development of water power in recent years, by some forces which have brought new industrial ideas and interests to the South and by others which have diverted interest from agriculture to manufacturing, industry has had greater develop-

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ment in the South than in any other section of the United States during the last decade. But the new problem which has grown out of this development has remained because it continues to be affected by problems of race relations, of agriculture, of farm tenancy, and especially by the old problem of a frontier individualism. If Southern industry lacks concentration in large urban centers, with immense foreign populations and slums, and a self-conscious unionization, features which are found in industry in some other sections, it is marked by mill-village centers of homogeneous populations, and a kindly paternalism and a unique philanthropy of mill owners who generally oppose unions and who may often exhibit the powers of overlords. Whatever the differences, however, the South has had tremendous industrial development and has gone with a giant's stride from considerable poverty to considerable prosperity, but the stride has brought sharply to the front the fresh problem of the economic and social welfare of the Southern industrial workers. For this reason recent strikes in the South have attracted wide public interest and concern.

The restlessness and ferment which these disturbances have revealed are but evidences of this larger problem. The South now finds it necessary to adjust itself to a world that is new and strange to many Southern traditions. It is a world made up in large part by the recent feverish applications of science to industry, by high industrialization, by a philosophy which looks at groups and organizations of men rather than at individuals, which counts so-called efficiency above personality and work above leisure, and which exalts the technique of modern scientific industrial life. In attempting to make the adjustment the Southern states are facing, therefore, a particularly stubborn problem largely because it is a new one.

Most of the textile strikes in the South since the spring have been settled by compromise or lost temporarily by the workers. In some cases state or federal representatives have acted as peace-makers between the strike leaders and textile owners. But in many cases persists the question: "What will happen to the union employes?" In Marion, North Carolina, six hundred of these formed a union and created a situation which resulted recently in a lockout. The mill officials, after plans for mediation had been made, maintained that they had won, while the strike leaders as strongly maintained that the strikers were as solidly entrenched as ever and that it was only a question of time when the demands, which they believe to be necessary for their welfare, will be met by the textile owners.

It is at this point that another phase of the real difficulty appears. If the manufacturers themselves cannot meet the problem, the American Federation of Labor and the United Textile Workers are reported to be ready to assist the manufacturers to an understanding. Plans are being made to hold conferences throughout the South in an effort to promote unionism. With emphasis upon conciliation, understanding, and agreement the outcome is likely to be happy and the knotty problem will be solved. Such a method as this, observers agree, would be an important step toward gaining the support of many of the more open-minded manufacturers and of those groups whose sympathy are now obviously with the workers.

Whether the demands of the workers are unreasonable, whether the conditions surrounding their work are unwholesome or are superior to the conditions of the farm tenant classes, whether the textile owners and managers are indifferent, stubborn, or openly hostile to the needs of their operatives, whether the textile industry is sick unto death, whether this is an unfortunate and unfair time for strikes, are all questions on which opinion is now naturally divided. But on one matter opinion seems to be crystallizing—that the time is rapidly approaching when that section of the country must adjust itself properly to industrialism or pay heavily for delay and resistance as did England, New England, and other states in the East in other years. In this revelation there is cause not for alarm or distrust but rather for optimism, for hopefulness for better understanding between labor and capital, between those who own the mills and those who work in them. The situation has been serious, no doubt. Certainly the strikes may well be regarded as symptomatic of serious conditions. But if the disturbances serve to bring Southern leadership to face the facts squarely, the first step toward improvement will have been taken, both capital and labor will gain in the end, and public welfare generally will be promoted.

The defenders of low wages and long hours have grown fewer even in recent months among the press, public officials, the public generally, and probably among the manufacturers themselves. The conviction grows and is now more often expressed than formerly and by Southerners themselves that the Southern states are behind the rest of the country industrially and that the recent upheavals are in reality an indictment and a challenge to the labor standards of the South. Increasingly are thoughtful Southerners realizing now as they have never before been fully willing to admit that all industrial history is set heavily against any policy of temporizing, of delay, of patching up; they increase in number throughout the Southern industrial region who are convinced by the lessons from the past that opiates will not give permanent health to an industrial system not mortally sick perhaps but obviously wasted and in places emaciated with stubborn and complicated chronic disorders.

For these disorders of Southern industry there are available out of the bitter and degrading experiences of other places and periods valuable lessons in industrial guidance. A century of experience awaits the use of the South. Failure to use it now and thus escape the industrial revolutions and social convulsions which shook both Old and New England would be folly. To try to resist the movement which human power cannot stop would be a policy of economic and social short-sightedness. Not to see that the arguments which have recently been heard in the South against this movement were worn threadbare in England nearly a hundred years ago and in New England and other parts of the East during the last quarter of the last century is economic and social blindness. True, the old arguments appear in new guises, but they are nevertheless the same old arguments which in other places and periods finally broke down; and with their collapse arose a better and a more reasonable industrial structure which was to become the foundation for a more worthy social development. If the Southern states can be led in this period of strife to learn these lessons from the past they can be saved much bitterness and much human as well as economic waste. And if these lessons are learned the industrial readjustments that the South now so greatly needs will come quickly and without the anguish that marked them in other sections.

(Please Turn to Page 76)

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Dear Old Gigantia

By JANET HOYT

We reverence bigness in this country; bigness of incomes and locomotives and educational institutions. Whether, in the case of the universities, education is not handicapped by size is the viewpoint here offered. Janet Hoyt is the pen name of a former Dean of Women at a large co-educational college who approaches the subject from the angle of the undergraduate. She is the author of "Wings of Wax," a novel dealing with university life

THERE exists a national conviction, rarely questioned within our borders, that bigness means greatness. Albert Jay Nock claims that this American hallucination has profoundly affected education; that today the rank of a college is popularly set by numbers alone. Most of us can supply an example to prove his contention. "I suppose you are sending Jack to your old college?" "Well, no, we want him to enter Harvard or Yale —or Michigan or California. I got a lot from my old school and it seems to be keeping up very well, considering. But I think a boy develops more in a big university; studies under more famous men, of course; meets all sorts." Every one has heard the arguments.

When the 1929 commencements were momentarily filling front pages, we read that one person in every forty in the United States now enters college. Of the two million nine hundred thousand thus testing the value of higher education, it is generous to estimate that two and a half million youngsters are but "average," that is, inclined to accept opinions, standards, life itself, as it comes; yet because of their numbers alone, these average students matter supremely to the nation. It is their possibilities that education should ponder at present; the brilliant will secure what they need in any environment. If this mass of youth is, indeed, material for the higher latitudes of learning—a debatable point—what conditions are favorable to its development? There is no Pure Food Law for education; no guarantee of nourishment accompanies each institutional product; it behooves us not to take the popular verdict too much for granted.

The concrete minded, to whom an education is merely the possession of a tag to one's name, ought, undoubtedly, to turn directly from the three R's into technical training. They could not do their country a greater service! This survey does not include them. For the residue, education may be roughly defined as the development of the individual power to face facts, weigh experience, draw conclusions and form judgments for oneself. Any study, any accumulation of knowledge, is but a means to this end. Under what conditions will this development best come to John or Jane, who "learn lessons" easily but are rarely interested in ideas as such, nor, indeed, in the subject matter of any study; who, left to themselves, splash around confusedly in an ocean of electives and concentrate only upon fun?

It is natural to assume that they will gain most under the most inspired leadership, but if the big university has more noted men to head its departments, and sometimes better teachers—not always the same thing—it also has larger classes, frequently from four to six hundred in a group. John and Jane get the great man much diluted. And in a three-hour-a-week course, he often meets his students but once and has no personal interviews; his subordinates, men far from equal to the department heads of small colleges, carry more than two-thirds of the instruction. In advance courses and seminars, the university has, of course, smaller groups, but only a handful of picked students enter these.

I recall a bitter lad summing up his freshman experience: "Say, why don't they give us some one who can *teach?*" he grumbled. "I'd be better off reading for an hour than listening to these whipper-snappers! A woman in high school sent me here keen on history. Professor Peterkin is all right—what you get of him—but I've been bored to death most of the year. Why don't they have some real teachers, like Miss Smith, to support the big bugs?" "How long has Miss Smith been teaching?" I asked. "Oh, ten years." "She probably earns twice what these young men do. The university hasn't the funds to pay the necessary number of Miss Smiths." "Gosh!" he replied, dejectedly, "and look at their swank toward the fresh-water colleges!"

Not that the instructor material is all mediocre, but much of it is compensating itself for under-pay by working toward higher degrees; is emphatically serving two masters, with the student master number two. A good thesis will advance a man professionally; in the maelstrom of a big university, few but his own pupils—whose approval does not affect his advancement —know whether anything was learned, or only an examination passed.

The chance of the average, unoriginal student for personal contact with his professor in a large class is almost nil. Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a pupil on the other is a far cry from Mark Hopkins on a platform before six hundred. Instead of seeking the limited avenues of entrance into the limited mind before him, he must aim at the mean intelligence of the mass, and if he arouses the inertia, answers the difficulties and meets the objections of one tenth of his listeners, he is gifted. Another six-tenths may poll-parrot about his powers, because the first tenth have made it the thing to do—but try to penetrate to the realities he has inculcated in them!

To arouse even a tenth of the class he must be an effective lecturer, which many great scholars are not. The recitation course has dwindled to anemic proportions; numbers have paralysed it, and the big man rarely conducts it. So that one fruitful source of mental development, the rubbing of student mind on student mind, under guidance to direct its green reasoning powers (quite a different matter from the students' own "bull sessions" in the small hours of the night!), has almost disappeared from the large institution though it flourishes in the small. Youth is not strong on unadulterated listening, but the courage to ask a question of a big man in a big class would almost lead the charge of Balaklava. Playing-cards of thumb-nail size are sold in most university towns for playing solitaire upon one's text-book—while the noted professor lectures. "Old Brains deserves his reputation," said an intelligent boy, "but I never knew it until I read his book. He's a bum lecturer." His book can be read and receive class discussion, in a small college. In all this the teacher loses as well as the student; lecturing to an ab

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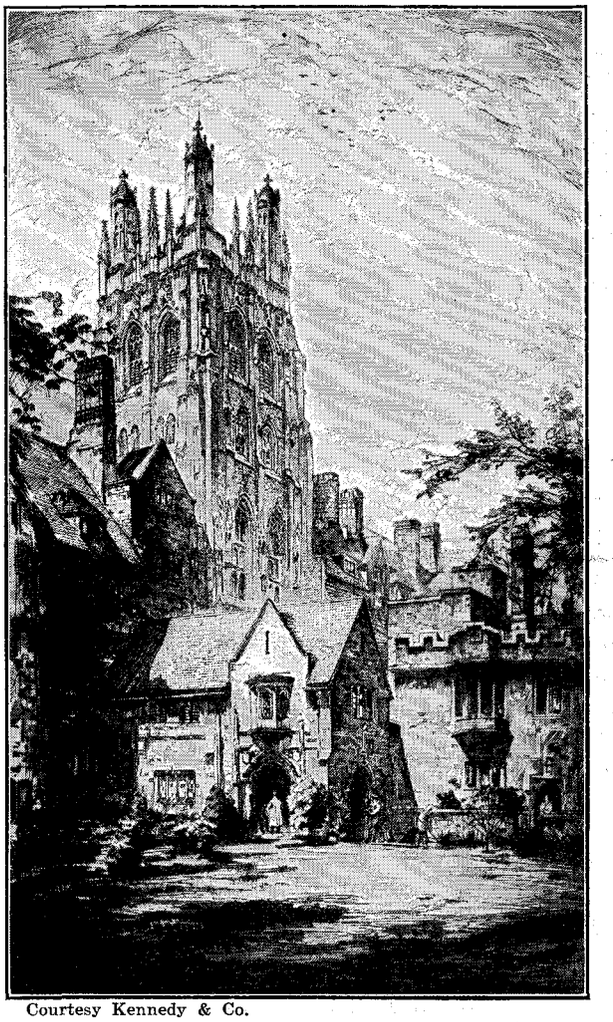
stract mass which never combats, a potential Mark Hopkins may never gain his full stature.

The result is not a loss of interest but a failure of interest ever to germinate. Education means development, yes; but for the majority, this sort of education means developing the ability to "get by." Where the examiner has no personal knowledge by which to test the fumbling, if honest, effort of the examined, a stereotyped answer is almost obligatory. In many universities, the student is not graded as an individual but as a member of a class which must, by the law of averages, have a certain proportion of A's, B's, C's and D's. In a dullard section, a mediocre student rates higher than he could on the same work in a more talented division; a situation which does not aid him to measure his intrinsic ability and inclines him to try to "please the prof" as the safest course. On all sides one hears "what the prof wants." 'Sure I passed," said one gay collegian, who boasted that he had not studied two hours a week, "I had him down fine!" Him, mark you, not the subject.

After a few years out of college, most of us will admit how fragmentary and illusive is our command of the subject matter over which we labored; but few groups from small colleges would pass the unanimous judgment of some young women who were recently making comparisons of their different universities. A librarian, two business women, a social and a church worker, all were successfully started in life and all attributed their ability to meet situations to influences affecting them before entering the university, or to their native equipment. "Teach me to think! I should say *not!*" was the common verdict. "Nothing I studied at O— seemed to have the slightest relation to life," said the most thoughtful girl. "I can't link it up even yet. I don't recall a single effort to tie those chunks of information to anything in our personal experience. We almost never had a problem put up to us and when we did, we could not discuss it long enough to get at its roots. When a big class does talk, it flies in fifty directions and never follows one through. I always found Omar Khayyam right about 'coming out at that same door where in I went.'"

The modern undergraduate, a better name for the majority than student, has a two-fold purpose in attending college, however, and the second purpose, contacts, is often not secondary. Among thousands instead of hundreds, the choice of friends and acquaintances must be richer. But it rarely works out that way. Just as one's casual acquaintanceship in a small town is much larger than in a city, and one's knowledge of such acquaintance has more facets, so it is in a small college. A class of two or three hundred is an organic unit; its common interests flow throughout all the membership like the blood in one's veins. Each human atom is attached to a name and to some shadowy personality, at least before the four years are ended, while a large fraction of them are actually known. Multiply these figures by five and what you have is a subway mob at 5:05 p.m.—or a university class; a seething agglomeration of unknown and unknowable persons, tossed against one another momentarily, then sucked apart before the contact can become vital.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

WREXHAM TOWER, YALE
An etching by Robert Logan

"A man came into my office today," said a university graduate of the last decade, "whom I knew instantly because I'd seen him on campus and once sat beside him in a class meeting. A homely, arresting sort of chap, whose comments on that occasion made me want to know him. But I had no excuse to join him when the meeting broke up and in four years—you know how it is—I never came into contact with him again. I never heard his name or knew any one who could identify him. The minute he came into the office I felt his attraction once more, but I was sore enough at the things the university had denied me, so that I wouldn't mention the U. of C. Presently he frowned and said, 'I feel as if I'd seen you before.' When I said that he had, I found he had been just such a hungry dog at C. as I; we both enjoyed stripping a few illusions from our dear Alma Mater! He is going to China; I may never see him again, but that hour proved to both of us that we might have been friends—with half a chance." Not an exceptional case.

For the fortunate few who come with introductions or with groups of classmates from a well-known school; for those of marked ability in the lines admired by the populace, some selection of companions is possible, though even here the choice is not as wide as it seems. Every large community tends to stratify; as soon as there are enough of a kind to form a fairly homogeneous group, its shell hardens, resisting outsiders. And youthful group-loyalty inclines to discipline and socially experimental temperament. "What do you want to be seen with her for? Our crowd has no use for her sort." Even outside of clubs and Greek letter societies, this is heard; in a panic at the inhumanity of the unknown, freshmen sets are quick to form, not from congeniality but for self-defense.

Exclusive groups show this instinctive reaction, too. Fraternities are nervously impatient to secure the "right" men and newcomers are too fearful of falling between stools to take the time necessary to know one another. Yet so many times the "right

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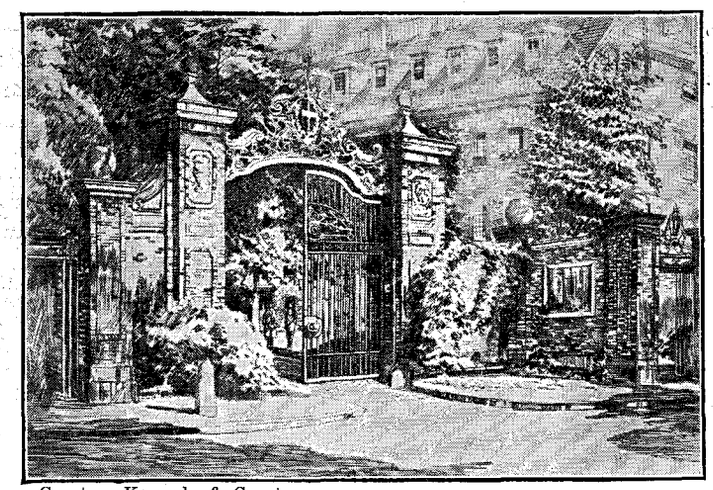
men" are not right for one another. It would not matter if other contacts could be made spontaneously, but a formidable, artificial barrier looms between the Greek-letter student and the "independent," often between the member of one society and another; and there are no ties of common purpose as in the small institution. "He's a real fellow," one youth said wistfully of another. "We pal-ed around a good bit freshman year, but then he made P— U— and K— S— was the only society to bid me, so I never see him now." He didn't blame the man; it was the system.

The other natural avenues of association are equally restricted.

Few can make the teams, the dramatic, debating or musical clubs; run the publications or even contribute to them. Efficiency forbids these organizations to expand with the institution; where they include one man in ten in a small college, they number one man in a hundred in the university ten times as big. The rest have no part in the vaunted "extra-curricular activities" and depend wholly for their associates upon the housemates or seatmates in class, which chance offers them.

Universities with adequate dormitories are kindest to their students, but this provision is rare; lodging-houses sheltering from two to twenty are the rule. "There are eight girls in our house and I haven't a thing in common with one of them," said a freshman who wanted to abandon her education. "I've been here two months and I don't know another soul! Those big parties the Self-Government gives? You just dance with strangers a few minutes, with no idea of what to talk about, and never see them again. I'm afraid they will think me cheeky if I hint at a date, and maybe they feel the same. It's all hooey, this pretence that we are friendly because we have the same Alma Mater!" She was a pretty girl, well dressed, and with more than average self-possession.

The educational value of this enforced association is much cried up as offering a corrective to the cock-sure judgments and snobbishness of youth. It has its value, in moderation, as it is experienced in a small college; but it is not the bread and meat of human intercourse, and spiritual stature rarely develops from such a meagre diet. For too many this is all the big whirlpool offers. They graduate knowing four times eight girls, or men, with whom they have little in common; convinced, if they are complacent, that this surface contact is all there is to human companionship outside the family; if of the ardent, combative type, turned into cynics, become, perhaps, permanently unsocial. The transitory nature of the majority of university "friendships" is very revealing. Life obliges us to shed many of youth's trivial acquaintances, but the boy or girl who does not carry away from the small college two or three enduring friendships, is uniquely unfortunate, while the "average" university man is constantly heard to say, "I haven't kept up with any of the fellows in my crowd."



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

JOHNSTON GATE, HARVARD
An etching by Robert Logan

Marked financial differences tend to stratification everywhere because the dollars govern the nature of the leisure time occupations. But, in addition, distinct groups, like the Jews, are more instantly and completely segregated in the large institution. Human nature is not often cruel enough to deliberately force an inoffensive individual into Coventry; in classes too small to have a Jewish set, each member of the race is judged by his own merits, handicapped in the beginning by prejudice, but in the end accepted or rejected, like others, for what he has to offer. When there are enough Jews to form a group, this sense of fair play is off duty. "Let them go with their own sort," is the pre-ordained verdict for all special groups only to be set aside by an individual's superlative equipment.

With these difficulties, the would-be paternalism of the university administration struggles helplessly. It can offer only the stone of its de-humanized mass gatherings to satisfy the human hunger for comradeship. Of the thousands that storm its doors each year, no Dean's office can know more than a few score. If it had (which it never has) the staff and the funds—and the time—for gathering congenial groups, this ignorance of personnel would stultify its efforts. Who knows who would like to meet whom? No one. Some universities continue to sponsor freshman "mixers," scorned by the initiate, where the masses mill around as in a stockyard; where names must be asked to perform an introduction, and where total ignorance of any common interests guarantees that only once in a hundred times will this vaccination of friendliness "take."

Co-education, now four fifths of all America offers, complicates this vastly. No one can pretend that every young man who enters the university is a safe, or even a decent companion for every young woman "girl" would be the more honest term for those entering at eighteen from homes so protective that their daughters have never selected a friend unaided. A pretty girl, living with a busy landlady, often of different social standards; personally unknown to a single member of the faculty and wholly dependent upon her own untried judgment, is placed at a serious disadvantage by the university's promiscuous introductions. In her own town, she would not attend a "public dance" alone; at a freshman "mixer" she does, and the ruthless girl-hunter can use his advantage to make her life most difficult. Some universities, therefore, have abandoned "mixers."

The co-educational college of a thousand or less presents a happy contrast. There, and there only, exist most of the advantages of which co-education theoretically boasts. There popular girls do not lead the life of a debutante for four killing years while hundreds of their sisters meet no men. There Deans know a little not only of their girls but of their boys; the right introductions are possible, their outcomes are observed; the public opinion of their

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contemporaries, more potent than the sagest advice, exercises a certain chaperonage over each couple. The collective, impersonal judgments of youth, wiser than their individual ones, are the most authentic safe-guard that college life can offer. But of the salt of public opinion there is scarcely a pinch in a big university; it is as impotent to affect the actions of "the average student" as those of the obscure individual in a metropolis. Scandal, yes, often most unmerited; but the shrewd are able to come and go through the maze almost unobserved, and when not shrewd or self-controlled enough, step unwarned into desperate pitfalls.

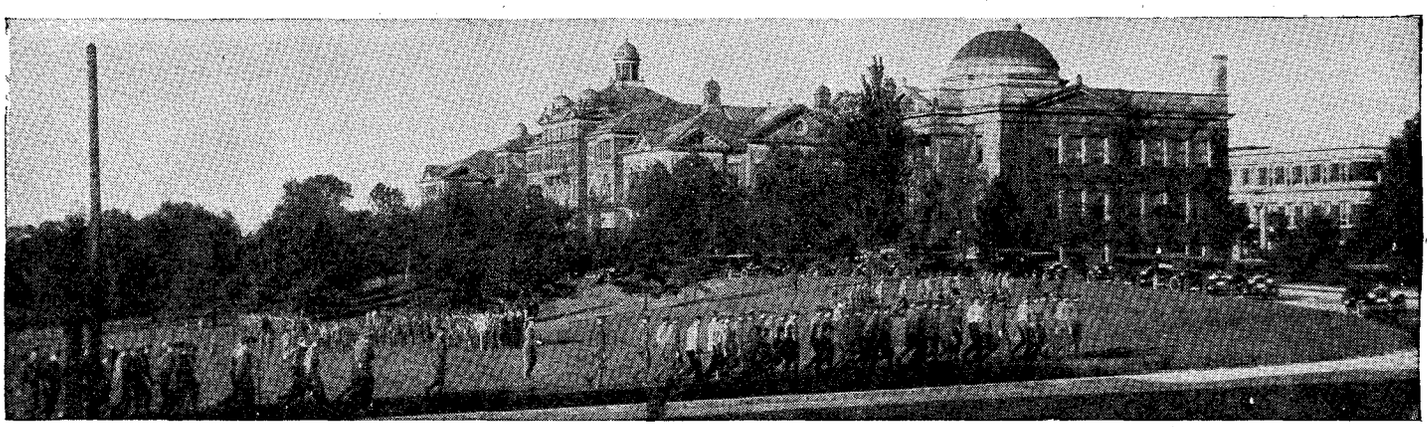
Social life between men and women in the university is singularly unequal; deprived of her home as a background and of hospitality to offer, the girl is wholly the recipient of favors; the man dictates their nature, and often, her reputation in accepting them. More than one girl, discovering the true character of her chance acquaintance and refusing his further invitations, has had him spread the tale that he has dropped her, "because she was easy and he had already enjoyed all she had to give." Living "with eight girls with whom she has nothing in common," unknown to her faculty, who can protect her from such imputation? True, the university as a whole never hears them, only that tiny fraction of it which knows her name and face.

Unscholarly but ambitious parents sometimes select the university for their children because of potential worldly advantages anticipated from its contacts. For the successful, these are often an asset, but for the lad who makes no society, achieves no notice—for the majority—this possibility is a boomerang. "A young man from your school applied for a position with us," says the magnate to his friend's son. "His name is Harry Kemper; he impressed me rather favorably. I thought I'd ask what you knew about him." "Kemper? Never heard of him." "But he graduated in your year." "Can't have amounted to anything at school. I never knew there was such a fellow," which truth does not help Kemper's candidacy. A woman in a city of a hundred thousand said, "When my husband and I moved here, my only social connections outside my church were the women from my university. But those in T— with whom association would have been congenial, all chanced to be sorority members and I was not. They never called, but they 'placed' me wherever my name came up. My social opportunities here would have been better had I never gone to the university."

There is yet one more claim made by the intelligent for the advantages of numbers. America is not the land of a generation ago, they say, but a place of intensive competition where a man must struggle incessantly to maintain a foothold, let alone progress. A bright lad must have enough peers to make him realize this. In a small college he is apt to overestimate his ability, to grow slack and soft, unfit for what awaits him. This may be true of the more gifted, but if it is true for all, then educational theory is sinning against its children from their kindergarten days. For the last quarter century it has labored ceaselessly to remove all sense of painful effort from the realm of study; then, suddenly, at seventeen or eighteen, youth is to taste bitter competition to the full. Pre-university days should contain more discipline, if that is so. As things are, there is enough competition at the small college for the average student, too much at the university.

And the rewards often appear to him inadequate to the demands upon his leisure and self-restraint—outside of football, that is! Two graduates of a year ago, meeting at a friend's, regarded one another blankly. "This is Jane Uttley, Winifred. Of course you know Jane!" "Why should I have known her?" Winifred later asked. "Why, she was president of Self-Government your senior year!" the most important and onerous position a woman might hold; yet her classmate had not even identified her. In a small college, the whole community would have known her.

"But we've *got* our gigantic universities!" most people exclaim, as if that settled it in a country which scraps millions of dollars' worth of machinery annually, tears down its dwellings and business buildings every decade or two to make way for something better. We once built huge "asylums" for our orphans, but having discovered that children do not develop normally in such a regimented life, we are gradually scrapping those too. If longer experience convinces of error, wealthy America can scrap the universities' buildings as well; they will be the only entry in the debit column; the equipment and such of the staff as is worth preserving can be distributed in smaller units. Perhaps when the glamour of the university and its hectic freedom is dissipated, we shall not need so many more small colleges as we think. It may be hard on those famous university professors, now receiving the only approximately adequate salaries in the whole profession, but the teacher exists for the pupil and not the converse, no matter what the teacher thinks. Besides, there are not so many Great Men in the teaching world after all; let them gather the upper tenth of the present welter into a few super-colleges—real universities with no need to play down to that majority who now come not for study but for "contacts,"—and, undisturbed by mediocre minds, teach those capable of high learning. As for that inchoate mass, the present undergraduate, when the small college has him, or her, under its closer surveillance, this nation may stand some chance of discovering which ones are capable of being educated, and how. If that ever happens, America's respect for the man of learning may once again equal that of other lands.



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The Trend of Events

Himself

STRENGTHENED by the exercise of clamping down the lid on books and magazines, Chief Crowley of Boston is now attending public meetings in person and plucking from platforms speakers who utter the dread words "Sacco and Vanzetti." Mr. Crowley has invented a system. Under it, a speaker is not arrested for what he says, but for saying it without a permit. Here's how the system works.

Permit in pocket, Alfred Baker Lewis, State Secretary of the Socialist party, recently appeared on Boston Common, mounted a platform, and addressed a crowd, in which were Michael Crowley, his nephew, Paul Crowley, and City Licenser Casey. Mr. Lewis explained that he and Mr. Crowley differed on the rights of public speakers. "We feel," he said, "that we have a right to discuss the Sacco-Vanzetti case. For good reasons, we believe an injustice was done in the case of those two men. . . . We feel that these men were unjustly convicted."

Like a flash, the Chief went into action. "Your permit is revoked," he cried. "Speak and you'll be speaking without a permit." Mr. Lewis fell into the web.

He spoke again, and, sure enough, he was found to be speaking without a permit.

Then up jumped brave Michael, and up jumped brave Paul, and down came Mr. Lewis, who was turned over to two patrolmen and lugged away to jail.

This on Boston Common, where robust old Sam Adams used to stroll, Emerson hold converse, and William Lloyd Garrison fling his impassioned cries; within walking distance of Faneuil ("Cradle of Liberty") Hall, which, incidentally, was denied the Sacco-Vanzetti Committee for an anniversary meeting.

The charge lodged against Mr. Lewis was speaking without a permit. His real offense, of course, was mentioning the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The law held up to contempt was not a city ordinance, or a State statute, but the United States Constitution. The guilty party's name is not "Lewis" but "Boston." The city is coolly ignoring the Bill of Rights. Chief Crowley is merely a symbol. His muscular high-handedness would be out of the question if the people of Boston did not regard it with indifference or approval.

The Public Lands

IF THE SHADE of Theodore Roosevelt stalked the sagebrush when President Hoover proposed that some 200,000,000 acres of the public domain be turned over to Western States, it was unduly perturbed. The conservation of natural

P. & A.

WELL KNOWN BOSTONIAN
Michael J. Crowley, Superintendent of Police at The Hub

resources begun three decades ago will not be abandoned. Only arid and semi-arid lands, suitable chiefly for grazing, would be released. Forest preserves, oil lands, Indian reservations, national parks, and power sites will remain in Federal hands. There they seem comparatively safe, despite memories of Albert B. Fall and President Hoover's account of abuses by holders of oil prospecting permits from the Federal Government. Slick politicians working through soft State Legislatures will be given no opportunity to exploit them.

Governors of public-land States, hearing the President's proposals, applauded. Senators from the same States were cool. Mr. Borah scorns these acres "on which a jack-rabbit could hardly live." Other Senators, realizing that the Government would cede surface rights alone, refer to the gift as "skimmed milk." Unimpressed by the prospect of taxing the areas for school purposes, many Westerners argue that the Government should keep all the lands or surrender the rich with the poor.

The transfer, they say, would leave the States holding the short end of the stick. The Federal Government would be rid of lands which cost money and produce no revenue. The States, while they would gain territory, would be responsible for carrying out reclamation projects, caring for deteriorating cattle and sheep ranges, and, in time, building their own roads through the recovered regions.

The President's suggestions are tentative. He will appoint a commission—this may yet be known as the Appoint-a-Commission Administration—and await its report. But no report is necessary to demonstrate that he is pleading the case of States' Rights. In fact, his statement that the "Federal Government is incapable of the adequate administration of matters which require so large a matter of local understanding" may return to plague him. Measure prohibition with that yardstick and see what you get.

Wickersham Plan Applied

SO MEASURING IT, the prohibitionists will say, you get the idea that States and cities have only to co-operate with the Federal Government in enforcing the dry laws, and all will be well. But, anti-prohibitionists will inquire, suppose wet States and cities withhold co-operation? The Government, presumably, remains "incapable of the adequate administration of matters which require so large a matter of local understanding." What then?

Material for an answer may be found in a recent brisk exchange of correspondence between Maurice Campbell, Federal prohibition administrator, and Grover A. Whalen, New York Police Commissioner. Mr. Campbell pointed out that there are quite a few speakeasies in New York (the Commissioner himself says 32,000), and reminded Mr. Whalen that these are subject to the New York State penal law as public nuisances. He asked for investigation and prosecution of some three hundred

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such public-nuisance complaints received by him, copies of which he enclosed. He would send more from time to time, he promised, adding that, if the police took charge of raids and arrests and magistrates and District Attorneys did their duty, speakeasies in New York would become as rare as cotton stockings.

Commissioner Whalen returned the enclosures. He reminded Mr. Campbell that he and his police force had lots to do, whereas Mr. Campbell's department had but one job, detecting and prosecuting violators of the national prohibition law. If Mr. Campbell needed help he should apply to his superiors in Washington, not pass the buck to Mr. Whalen, who, if he accepted it, would have to hire 5,000 new policemen at a cost to New York taxpayers of $15,000,000.

Mr. Campbell, questioned, declined to say whether or not he was experimenting with the suggestion in Wickersham Indiscretion Number Two. This suggestion, contained in a letter written by the chairman of President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission to Governor Roosevelt, was that, if the Federal Government were to harry major violators and the States minor violators, National and State dry laws might be modified and made reasonably enforceable.

In any case, affairs in New York are back where they began. Federal authorities cannot enforce prohibition without State and city help. State and city taxpayers will not spend money to help enforce a law they neither love, honor, nor obey. Will Federal authority roll up its sleeves, open its purse, and enforce it anyway? Or what?

▶▶*Al on High*

Seeing Mr. Hoover worrying over prohibition, public lands, disarmament, and what not, does his old-time rival, name of Smith, sometimes reflect that there are better jobs than being President? If there are, Al seems to have carried off one of them. No ordinary building, but the historic Waldorf-Astoria itself must crumble to give him his new quarters; he will hang up his hat in the "largest office building in the world." The Empire State Building, of which he will be, as he says, "the Irish landlord," is to rise 80 stories and cost $50,000,000. Used entirely for offices, it will house more than 60,000 people, half the population of Syracuse. Mr. Smith has been named President of the Empire State Building Corporation. His salary has not yet been mentioned, but, since his business associates have such names as Du Pont, Heckscher, and Raskob, it will doubtless suffice.

The distinction of being the world's tallest building bids fair to become as slippery as a refueling endurance record. Just a few months ago, New Yorkers ah-ed when work was started

White

EDUCATOR

Mae West as she appeared in the title role of her "Diamond Lil"

on the Chrysler Building, planned to overtop the celebrated Woolworth by seventeen feet. The next moment, architects blandly unrolled plans for the Manhattan Building, to rise 836 feet, twenty-seven feet higher than the Chrysler. "So?" responded designers of a skyscraper planned for Lexington Avenue between 41st and 42nd Streets, which will be taller than the Manhattan Building. "So?" inquires Mr. Smith, whose building will be close to 1,000 feet high. Something ought to be done about it.

When a marathon trombone player feels his bay-wreath slipping, he secures his record by announcing himself unequaled at playing the trombone while treading water. Skyscraper owners had best copy. Let the Manhattan Building become the highest rose-pink edifice in the world; the new Lexington Avenue Building the highest with octagonal windows, the Empire State Building the highest on the site of the Waldorf-Astoria housing ex-Governor Smith.

▶▶*Mae West as a Teacher*

Presidents Ada L. Comstock of Radcliffe and Ellen F. Pendleton of Wellesley may be surprised to learn that Mae West is an educator, too. Yet such is the case. In the current issue of the new magazine, *Parade,* she summarizes her work for the advancement of knowledge. Few people, she says, realize that this work has had a deliberate plan and purpose.

For years she has been devoting her career to educating the masses in certain sex truths. She has been using the theatre because she believes it to be "one of the greatest educational mediums that we have." She prides herself on the fact that she has always been "a jump ahead of public teachers." Yet like many another pedagogue, from Socrates onward, she has encountered opposition. She is scheduled to go on trial next month for producing a play called "Pleasure Man." Two years ago she was sent to the workhouse for producing "Sex." Later, she staged "Drag," which was summarily nailed shut.

Authorities found all of these plays immoral. Miss West reveals that they were nothing of the kind. "Sex," describing the life and psychology of a prostitute, has its educational value and its moral. "Often great teachers, to preach a right, showed a wrong. . . . That is what I try to do." "Pleasure Man" painted a true picture of a libertine, who came to no good end. "Drag" faced the problem of homosexuality. "Diamond Lil" persuades audiences to reflect on the justice of the Single Standard for men and women.

An editorial note in *Parade* remarks that Miss West is said to have invented the shimmy before Gilda Gray. Here-

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after, however, she will devote herself, not to invention, but solely to education, which she hopes to carry on in her own theatre, unhindered by old-fashioned taboos. Meanwhile she disarms her critics by pointing out that she has been misunderstood. Now that this article has appeared she can be misunderstood no longer.

▸▸*In Palestine*

RUSHING FIGHTING SHIPS, aircraft, and troops to Palestine, the British Government finally succeeded in pacifying populous districts after the week of rioting. Thereupon it turned its attention to turbulent outlying regions and to repelling bands of Arabs streaming in from Transjordania on the East and Syria on the North. Meanwhile, it mopped its brow, planned its tactics for the future, and heard itself roundly scored by Jews and Arabs alike.

It soon became plain that social, economic, and patriotic, as well as religious, grievances lay at the heart of the trouble. Great Britain has been governing Palestine under a mandate from the League of Nations since September, 1923. It has promised that all races and religions, Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians, will be treated alike. Moreover, it has pledged itself to support the movement to establish in Palestine a national home for the Jews.

Many Jews declare that it has failed to fulfill this pledge by neglecting to settle the Wailing Wall problem, to remove incompetent officials and those unsympathetic to the national-home idea, and to furnish adequate safeguards against Arab assaults on Jewish settlements. Arabs, on the other hand, criticize London for failing to abandon the national-home project and to establish a representative, democratic Government. They hold Zionism responsible for the rioting, point out that Moslems outnumber Jews four to one, declare that a minority race is being favored at the expense of the majority, and that, as Jewish immigrants, backed by foreign capital, press in, Arabs are pressed out.

If this were always true, the prospect for lasting peace would be dim. However, the Zionist movement is, after all, but a part of the broad process of modernizing Palestine, and many Arabs, particularly those in cities, benefit as that process advances. The recent story of Palestine is one of building roads, opening schools, improving water supplies, reforesting lands, and fighting malaria. The harnessing of the River Jordan, the exploitation of Dead Sea salts, and the ban on unsightly billboards are signs of the times. Not only the Jew but the Twentieth Century is coming to Palestine. Riots will not expel it. At the last, it will have its way. For good or for ill, Moslem, Jew, and Christian will be bent to its ends.

Wide World

WAILING WALL
Center of the trouble between Jews and Arabs in Jerusalem

▸▸*Sino-Russian Peace*

WAITING TO HEAR the sound of gunfire coming from the Siberian-Manchurian border, the world was surprised to find it coming from Palestine. The Orient again justifies its reputation for following ways that are dark. Just as China and Russia seemed about to fly at each other's throats, just as each had tried to overawe the other by massing troops along the border and conducting fierce little raids into hostile territory, they suddenly shook hands and decided to hold a conference to answer all questions relating to the Chinese Eastern Railway.

If settled according to schedule—as it may not be—the dispute will be adjusted on the basis of the 1924 agreement, which provides that the road, lately seized by China, shall be jointly operated by the two countries. China is asked to demote the old chairman of the road's directorate, and at the time of this writing she was half inclined to refuse, despite everything. In return, Russia agrees not to insist on the reinstatement of the same Russian general manager lately deposed. Thus China is given opportunity to save her face by pretending that it was a question, not of issues, but of personalities; that she objected, not so much to Russia's policies, as to her representatives. However, but ten days before the war was abandoned, the Nanking Government formally announced that Russia had been attempting "to overthrow the Chinese Government, to organize secret forces for destroying the Chinese Eastern Railway, and to carry out a policy of wholesale assassinations and thereby bring about a world-wide revolution."

China, the settlement provides, must release all those arrested in connection with the seizure of the railway. Russia promises to observe Article 6 of the 1924 agreement. This recites that neither China nor Russia shall entertain groups employing acts of violence against the other. It also provides that neither Government shall engage in propaganda against the other. Thus Russia promises to abide by a provision by which she had already promised to abide. If the Sino-Russian dispute is permanently over, plainly Russia wins.

▸▸*Saluting the Graf*

THE GRAF ZEPPELIN made it. Trailing clouds of reportorial rhetoric, taxing books of synonyms to the utmost in all

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the languages there are, she circled from Lakehurst to Lakehurst and then set out to and bettered her own round-the-world time on the Friedrichshafen-to-Friedrichshafen circuit. Newspaper readers learned that she was a silver bag, a gray cylinder, a shining spearhead. They learned how the world unrolled below the passengers like a great scroll; how the ship soared, an astral wanderer, over the wastes of Siberia; how geisha girls halted their clip-clopping as she glinted over their heads. It was all true. The Graf Zeppelin is the modern world's symbol of beauty and adventure.

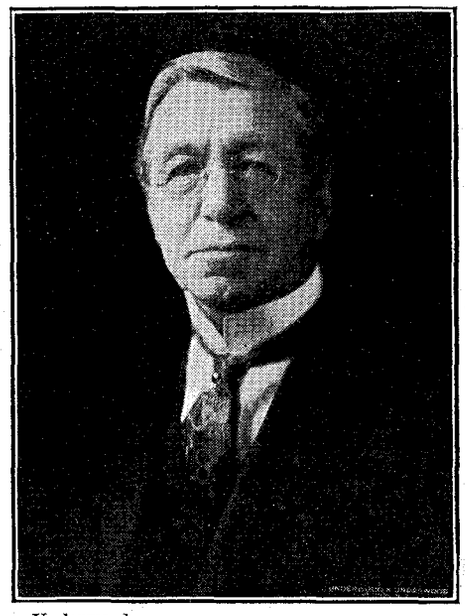
She is also its symbol of success; she did what she set out to do. Readers of air news, after a summer of mishaps, near-successes, and failures, were ripe for a neat, on-schedule flight. It was satisfying that the Zeppelin was the first aircraft to accomplish a non-stop crossing of the Pacific. Moreover, the first lighter-than-air craft to girdle the globe, she beat all previous round-the-world records for speed.

Colonel Lindbergh himself agrees that the Graf's feat proves the dirigible superior to the airplane for trans-ocean trips. Certainly it is safer, not only for ocean flights, but for hops over such countries as Siberia, where there are few landing places. Commercially, however, its prospects remain doubtful. The expense of housing, maintenance, and ground crews, combined with enforced disuse during cold and stormy months, argues that regular dirigible service, if undertaken, would remain the luxury of a privileged few. The rest of us, necessarily, will continue to gaze upward, envious and admiring. Is there any one who does not wish he might have been a globe-girdler on the silver bag, gray cylinder, and shining spearhead?

▶▶*An Angry Agreement*

FISTS POUNDED TABLES at the end, as at the beginning, but the Hague conference nevertheless wound up the bulk of its work before adjournment. Minor points have still to be settled when the conference reconvenes, and there remains the prospect of a row over the uncertain location and function of the Bank for International Settlements, but it is assumed that ratification of the Young plan by the Parliaments of the interested nations is now virtually assured.

The bellicose Mr. Snowden appeared at The Hague demanding more reparations for Great Britain, $11,520,000 more a year. After holding out for three weeks, Germany's other creditors finally scraped together 80 per cent of this sum, and Mr. Snowden agreed to call it square. He demanded a larger share of unpostponable payments. He got a promise of $22,000,000 more annually. He demanded that payments in goods be shut off at once. He got assurance that under no circumstances would they be continued for longer than ten years, and that Italy would buy three million tons of coal from Britain at the best price. Thereupon—telling commentary on his sense of humor—he declared that he could not have achieved his success without the help of his wife.



Underwood

WASHINGTON-BOUND AGAIN

Jacob Sechler Coxey who will lead another of his armies into Washington

With the Young plan accepted in principle, dates have been definitely fixed for the evacuation of the Rhineland. British and Belgian troops will march out at once; French forces will be removed "as rapidly as conditions warrant," but by June 30, 1930, at the latest. Thus the war is over in another sector. The problem of the Saar remains to be tackled at another time.

Adjourning, the conference left behind it traces of new diplomatic alignments. Mr. Snowden broke the spell under which Britain has borne the burdens, and France and her allies have reaped the advantages of European appeasement. Great Britain now reaches a hand toward the United States, while France, thrown with Germany and Italy, dreams once more of a United States of Europe in which it will be the leading power. As the aftermath of The Hague is bitter, its political consequences may be prolonged.

▶▶*Coxey's New Army*

THIRTY-SIX YEARS after his famous first march, "General" Jacob Sechler Coxey is again on his way to Washington. On March 25, 1893, heading a band of unemployed men, Coxey started from Massillon, Ohio, to capture the ear of Congress. A month later, he was locked up for walking on the Capitol lawn. A phrase of derision was born as "The Army of the Commonwealth of Christ" became "Coxey's Army." Generally the march was regarded as the Bunion Derby of its day, though the General's ideals scaled loftier peaks than Cash and Carry Pyle's. Its absurd demobilization matched its ludicrous procession of vagabonds, criminals, and visionaries, most of whom deserted en route.

This time the army does not tramp, but—symbol of a new economic era—flies its banners from Fords, Chevrolets, and second-hand Buicks owned by the volunteer dragoons, recruited as the cavalcade rolls on. At its head, his eyes glorifying his inward vision, Coxey himself lolls in a handsomely upholstered limousine. Beside him sits his daughter, the lovely Ruth Patricia, lately of the Ziegfeld chorus.

The years and the sand and gravel business have been good to Coxey. Nor have they sapped his zeal for reform. Ardently he rallies his hosts to dramatize his latest panacea, "money at cost and non-interest-bearing bonds."

Don't laugh. "It may be the true god," said Baudelaire, when someone sneered at a heathen idol. The essentials of the '93 panacea, forgotten in the Nation's roar over the straggling parade, are today—as indicated in last week's Trend of Events—endorsed by Economists Foster and Catching and by a man named Herbert Hoover. Coxey advocated building public roads—the prescription now includes all public works—in hard times to give work to the jobless.

Trucks accompanying the General's limousine carry a tent, a lighting plant, and bales of literature expounding his latest solution, which will be ballyhooed along the way. The Commander has learned from experience not to walk on the grass in Washington. Let him also avoid parking on the wrong side of the street.

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▶▶*The Use of Leisure*

WHILE HEADS ARE close together over the problem of minimizing unemployment, others ponder the question of what the working workman shall do with his spare time. In a burst of before-the-microphone optimism, Secretary of Labor Davis has assured listeners-in that State and Federal Governments are striving to stabilize employment, that workers of the future will find their jobs not only certain but brief and comparatively easy, that the people's present need is training for proper use of their growing leisure. Given this training, Americans fifty years hence, he believes, should be, not only the most intelligent people in the world, but the best educated.

To this Alfred J. Lotka, who recently discussed the subject in The Outlook and Independent, might add, "And the most creative." It is Dr. Lotka's hope that, when less time is required to earn bread and butter, man will be able to release latent creative abilities which are now stifled.

Leisure will grow, certainly. What use those fortunate citizens who enjoy short working hours for five, four, or, as some believe, only three days a week make of it is an ever-beckoning field for speculation. Today's carefree workers have discovered the joys of the movies, the radio, and of bowling along glaring highways from hot-dog stand to filling station. Will tomorrow's find the pleasures of the library, the theatre, the lecture, concert hall and the creative arts?

Possibly Soviet Russia has discovered a way, such as it is, to encourage them. With the exception of five State holidays, Russia, after October 1, will keep shop every day in the year. Individual workers will have their weekly thirty-six-hour holiday as usual, but will take them in shifts, Worker A having Wednesday afternoon and Thursday free every week, Worker B, Thursday afternoon and Friday, and so on.

The purposes of the 7-day working week are to reduce unemployment, to increase production, and, pursuing a hitherto unsuccessful policy, to discourage religious observances. But, applying to schools as well as industry, its potentialities for unstandardizing leisure may be large. It would be interesting to know whether people spend their leisure doing the same thing partly because they have the same periods of time to do it in.

Wide World

AT HOME WITH RUDY

The crooning orchestra leader pictured in an hour of ease

▶▶*Riding the Crest*

THE BROWN-HAIRED, hard-working, college-educated boy from Vermont—Rudy Vallee, not Mr. Coolidge—has clicked. Lindbergh, Tunney, and John Gilbert are married. Jackie Coogan wears long pants. Rudy sits in the sun. Radio dials stay put when he spreads a network broadcast. Young ladies comment rapturously on the fact that he sings with his eyes closed. Elderly ladies squeeze their bundles into bargain-counter jams when his band plays in department stores. The New York night club, Villa Vallee, enjoys a popularity unexplained by its modernistic mirrors and black chinaware. Comes the inevitable lawsuit, twin brother of success. A Broadway orchestra leader has brought action for a part of Vallee's profits. Rudy, he says, learned about crooning from him.

Jazz was just becoming raucous when Rudy sidestepped his father's drugstore business in Westbrook, Maine—where the family moved from Vermont—and bought a saxophone. During high school and college days his principal extra-curriculum activities were swimming under water, leading orchestras, and playing in them. Sitting through lectures at Yale and the University of Maine, dreamily scrawling his initials in his notebook, could he have felt the mantle of Valentino falling about his shoulders? Surely he could hardly have foreseen that the radio would be what it is and that most of his admirers would know him as a disembodied voice.

Tackling New York, he was first one among many. Then his light, heart-broken voice made itself at home before the microphone and his popularity curved upward, as steeply and easily as the melody of his favorite, "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame." Now contracts rain down on him like mash notes, which never rain but they pour.

Why is he so popular? Because, some say, his voice has It; the S A strikes the most distant DX-er. Because, say others, his songs, like Helen Morgan's, make people gently sad, and therefore happy. Because, say still others, his slow, soft croon harmonizes with the desire of a breakneck, gin-guzzling era to return to the joys of a hammock and a plate of fudge. Because, says Heywood Broun, "he is the victim—or the darling, as you choose—of the suppressed maternal instinct." One cannot escape the conclusion that,

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though some of them may be good as far as they go, all these explanations leave something to be explained.

The Dance

SCHOOL KEEPS AGAIN and there is a tang in the air. Such signs prove that the fall season is formally open. So, and even more convincingly, does the fact that the American Association of Teachers of Dancing has held its annual convention in New York.

In the expiring summer of each year this convention solemnly summons delegates from all parts of the United States. Each year fast music, jerky rhythms, shoulder-shaking, and rowdyism on the ballroom floor are denounced and pleas are made for gracefulness. Each year it is declared that the waltz, best of all dances, has returned to favor. Each year half a dozen new dance-steps are demonstrated and, weighing their merits, the dancing teachers, some of them past seventy, painstakingly select the dance for the coming season.

Nothing ever comes of it. Fast music, jerky rhythms, shoulder-shaking, and rowdyism continue as before. The new dance named as the teachers' choice is not danced. Last year, a controversy was threatened between American Association teachers, who endorsed the Byrd Hop, and their colleagues, the Dancing Masters of America, Inc., who came out in favor of the Ecstasy Glide. Since young homo Americanus and his girl friend neither hopped nor glided, but jogged along as before, the dispute never really came to a head.

More power to the indomitable dancing teachers and their crusade for the return of grace. Their choice for this year is the Flicker, said to be popular in London and on the Continent. Danced with long, dragging steps, it introduces a new rhythm on the seventh and eighth counts—surely an admirable place for a new rhythm. The Flicker. Note the name. Probably you'll never hear it again.

Ladies and Tariffs

TO GET THE TARIFF into livingroom debate, talk it in terms of hats, shoes, and cosmetics. That is the theory of Mrs. Mary T. Norton, Democratic Representative from New Jersey.

In a recent statement Mrs. Norton made no mention of manganese, paint brush handles, or pig iron. She contented herself with stating flatly that, if passed, the bill pending in the Senate will increase from 10 to 75 per cent the cost of "everything that goes to make a woman comfortable." Mentioning prospective increases in the cost of groceries, blankets, and linen, she emphasized the fact that, under the measure, a $10 hat calls for a tariff of $2.50, a dollar's worth of fine toilet soap will cost $1.30, and price-tags on perfume, dresses, and women's shoes, stockings, coats, and underwear are scheduled to take steep jumps.

Tariff discussion, which recently promised to grow warm, has cooled considerably since being shut into the Senate Finance Committee refrigerator. Possibly, lulled by prosperity and schooled in the maxim, "High tariff, high wages," the public will protest no more at Congressional jockeying. Possibly women as well as men will be content with the hope of "getting theirs" in salaries and waiting for bargain sales. However, it is more likely that as the bill is examined on the floor of the Senate popular criticism will revive.

Mrs. Norton may have found an effective way to stimulate the hostility of women, especially the 8,500,000 women wage-earners, against this measure "to protect American labor." They might not resent an advance in the price of sugar and lemons, or might counter by giving up lemonade. But endanger their personal comforts and necessities, and their interest in the tariff may quicken considerably.

Remarkable Remarks

Expediency, as a working principle is bound to fail.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Religion is incurably irrational.—REV. HENRY P. VAN DUSEN.

God is not like a politician.—REV. DR. CLIFTON MACON.

In youth one should take the greatest pains in deciding what one wants the most; because one is so likely to get it.—PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Death is life's great blessing although few realize it. To interfere with it would be disastrous.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

You simply can't pass up New York any more. It's the center of the universe.—RALPH BARTON.

No one is so thrilled by fuss and feathers as the native New Yorker.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

In wealthy circles the habit of drinking is disappearing fast.—HENRY FORD.

I have a very real aversion to putting people in jail.—MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT.

Society pushes men forward and holds women back.—AMELIA EARHART.

In Brief

THE "LIFE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES" to be published next month will be illustrated. At long last, therefore, we shall be given opportunity to see what Edward Albert looks like . . . . "Generally," says Senator Borah, "when I do not reflect, I say what I think." This may explain as well as anything the profoundly reflective attitude Senator Borah usually adopts around election time . . . . It tells much of modern America that an airplane grocery delivery service should be started between Jackson Heights, Long Island, and Atlantic City, New Jersey. It tells even more, alas, that the first shipment should consist of 900 pounds of hot dogs. . . . Commander McNutt of the American Legion declares that his organization "has great respect for the admirable activity of Signor Mussolini and for all he has done to contribute to the cause of good government," which raises the ever-interesting question of whether the War was fought to make the world safe for autocracy. . . . It is shocking to hear that the average woman now spends about $50 a year in maintaining her beauty, and the prediction that she will soon spend a minimum of $100. Is beauty worth no more than that? . . . . The *Boston Transcript* declares that the Graf Zeppelin's world flight "is one of the most superlatively great feats not of the Twentieth Century alone but of all recorded time." The stately *Transcript* hasn't been so excited over anything since it found that the conduct of red-headed "Bossy" Gillis of Newburyport had "brought into challenge the basic principle of government in the United States."

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE RATHER REGRET that our prediction of the futility of Raskobian reform of the Democratic party has come true sooner than we had anticipated. Though we respect his hardihood in staging and financing a one-man movement for reunion and resuscitation of the scrappy Democrats, we find that his associates both North and South think he could best serve his new-found party by playing a more obscure part in the Democratic melodrama of these unhappy days. We mean this as no unworthy comment on his efforts, which have been heroic and, to our mind, eminently successful in some particulars. But our inquiries incline us to credit warnings that there is little chance of even a superficial peace so long as he stays in the foreground. Though "Al" Smith, we discover, is definitely counted out as a political power, Raskob himself remains to revive 1928 enmities and prejudices. To the South, we suspect, he will always symbolize Catholicism, alien influences, Wall Street, moneyed carpet-baggers, northern domination and the wet elements. Politicians uninfluenced by these grotesque considerations, we learn, look on him much as G.O.P. stalwarts regard President Hoover—his conversion to his pending political faith was too sudden to be as sincere as they, in their wisdom, require.

We fear that even the victories of the two-man organization which Mr. Raskob's money permitted to be set up here have been of a pyrrhic nature. We refer to the publicity factory that consists of Jewett Shouse, Kansas City politician, and Charles R. Michelson, erstwhile head of the New York World Bureau here. The daily statements inspired and issued by this pair have had a real educational value, aside from their political import, to our mind. They have turned a searchlight on the ritual of Republican tariff-making, and have aroused public opinion to the need for sane and decent rates. Their attack has thrown such fear into G.O.P. ranks that we question whether the majority will dare to pass the measure in either House or Senate form, and whether President Hoover will have the courage to sign any bill modelled along those lines. We find even more convincing evidence of the effectiveness of the Raskob-Shouse-Michelson shelling. Such hard-boiled Republicans as Watson of Indiana, Reed of Pennsylvania and Smoot of Utah have been so pestered by the witticisms of Senator Harrison of Mississippi and the solemnities of Senator King of Utah, as relayed to the press by the energetic Mr. Michelson, that they have insisted upon the creation of a rival statement-making mill by the Republican National Committee. Henceforth we may be governed by speeches and statements even more than in the past.

Technically, it has been a fine performance, but, politically, it has provoked new schisms and aggravated old

New York Herald-Tribune

Anyway, the handle is always working

dissensions. Though Gov. Smith committed his party to "protection" in his Louisville address last October, Mr. Raskob's employees, as one result of the Republicans' skyscraper tendencies, have fallen back upon the Democratic dogma of tariff-for-revenue only. This, we discover, has brought charges of desertion of the Smith leadership; it has also widened the circle of suspicion of Mr. Raskob's record for consistency. We note that such a good pal of Gov. Smith as Senator Wagner of New York has issued no statements through Mr. Michelson's office. It would not, perhaps, profit him and his northern colleagues to be suspected of old-fashioned Democratic tariff ideas held so sacred, at least for propaganda purposes, by the Raskob-Shouse-Michelson school. Moreover, few southern Democrats cling to Bryanesque beliefs on this question. We note that Senators Trammel and Fletcher of Florida, Broussard and Ransdell of Louisiana, George and Harris of Georgia, Connally and Sheppard of Texas, Leader Garner of Texas in the House and numerous others have been preaching low tariff philosophy but acquiescing in high rates as long as they have been in Congress. The New South that gave four states to Hoover, and raised Claudius Huston to Republican National Chairman has put away childish and Democratic things, we fear.

There have been even worse discords. Wise Washington correspondents thought it a great victory for the Raskob-Shouse-Michelson trio when it persuaded Senator Simmons of North Carolina, that sturdy Hoovercrat, to issue a statement through its hard-working mimeograph. But what we considered even more important was the apology which Senator Simmons felt it discreet to make to his constituency through the press, and his assertion that he would have given his statement to the Republican National Committee had it been as eager to oblige as Mr. Raskob's representatives were.

We recognize that these may seem to be petty things, but politics is a petty business, as Mabel Walker Willebrandt has so ably demonstrated. If we judge by results alone, however, harmony still rages unabated within Democratic ranks. In Virginia Bishop Cannon still finds the issue of Raskobism to be profitable, even when raised in a gubernatorial contest. We learn that the regular Democratic bosses, including Messrs. Glass, Swanson, Byrd and Nominee Pollard, have declined offers of financial assistance from Mr. Raskob's bottomless chest, and will not attempt to defend or uphold his policies when they are assailed by the Bishop of the Bucketshops. In Massachusetts, which Gov. Smith carried, Mr. Raskob's rule is resented, our New England informants tell us. The Bay Staters—of all things—maintain that he has shown too much tenderness toward the southern wing! They do not like his selection of Mr. Shouse to deliver the principal address at a powwow designed to launch a campaign to defeat Senator Gillett. According to that wandering spokesman, Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart, even Franklin D. Roosevelt, Gov. Smith's successor, has repudiated Raskob's "noble experiment" to repeal the dry laws. Noting these things, we fear that Mr. Raskob was cast for the rôle of the Robinson Crusoe rather than the Bismarck of American politics.

A. F. C.

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The Policeman in Central Europe

An Editorial by Hamilton Fish Armstrong

THE LITTLE ENTENTE is neither so strong nor so weak as it is usually depicted on the occasions when it attracts the attention of political commentators. On the one hand, it does not represent a unified and constant force either politically or economically; on the other hand, though often proclaimed by the Italian, Hungarian and German press as being on the verge of dissolution, it has maintained itself as a powerful factor with one limited and specific objective—the perpetuation of the Trianon Treaty and, as a natural corollary, the intimidation of Hungarian malcontents who seek to overturn it. Efforts to coördinate the policy of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Rumania in a more comprehensive way have always failed, for the good reason that at many points their political and economic interests are divergent.

The *raison d'être* of the Little Entente is Hungary. Yugoslavia's principal worries may center on the efforts of Italy to extend her influence across the Adriatic, to build up her influence in Tirana and Sofia; Czechoslovakia's difficulties in reconciling to their new lot the large German population incorporated within her borders may magnify the conflict of interests between Prague and Berlin; Rumania's proximity to Soviet Russia and Moscow's determination not to relinquish its claim to the former Russian province of Bessarabia may bulk largely in the minds of those who direct Rumanian foreign policy. But these fears—Yugoslavia's of Italy, Czechoslovakia's of Germany, Rumania's of Soviet Russia—are special fears in which the partners of the state in question share only indirectly. They are joined together mainly by their common determination to protect the Central European peace settlement, and by their feeling that the principal threat comes from Hungary.

The Magyars, proud of their age-long domination of the Slav and Rumanian peoples surrounding them and of the decisive rôle they played in the old Hapsburg Empire, make no bones about not considering themselves bound in any way to respect the treaty which their representatives signed ten years ago at Trianon. Divided on the subject as to who should be their ruler—for though lacking a king Hungary is still a kingdom—Magyars of practically every political complexion agree that the present territorial arrangement is intolerable. Few students do not admit that in details the Hungarian frontier might be improved upon. But Hungarian spokesmen have consistently rejected all courses of action tending to bring them into amicable relations with their present neighbors and to secure for them some of the minor frontier rectifications spoken about by the Allies during the pre-treaty negotiations. Instead they have harped on their inalienable right to rule whomever in history their fathers ruled, and are restrained from translating their hatred of the Treaty of Trianon into action only by the fact that they cannot be certain of enough reliable backing from outside to overcome the determined opposition put up by the Little Entente, supported consistently by France and sporadically by Great Britain.

But though relying upon the Little Entente as a protection against the Hungarian menace, the member states have found it impossible to transform it into anything more than a policeman restricted to one beat. We must bear this in mind when we read of the emotion aroused in Europe over the military pact which they are said recently to have signed.

Efforts have not been lacking, especially in Prague, to give the Little Entente an economic turn, but all the grandiose schemes for developing it into a Danubian Confederation have fallen through; remembrance of the old economic and political hegemony of Vienna and Budapest will not down so quickly. Even the development of commercial relations between the three Little Entente states themselves is difficult. Czechoslovakia, for example, is highly industrialized, and would like to arrange a *Zollverein*. But the other two, heavily agricultural, are not willing to grant free entry to Czechoslovak manufactures without securing some compensatory advantages for their agricultural products in Czechoslovakia.

This is not to say that the Little Entente states cannot come to better economic terms between themselves than exist at present. Some time ago the Yugoslav Foreign Minister suggested an economic conference for this purpose, and one was actually held in Bucharest last February. The delegates agreed that the first efforts should be directed toward negotiating complete treaties of commerce between all three states (strange to say, such do not already exist), the creation of a joint chamber of commerce, the improvement of rail and water communications, and more satisfactory transit facilities for the commerce of one state passing across the territory of another. It is too early to go into such complicated matters as the rationalization of production in the three states, but this was mentioned as a possible goal.

All this, however, is a by-product of the essential purpose of the Little Entente, which remains negative and special. The Little Entente will continue to exist as long as the fundamental interests of the three partners are threatened by Hungarian schemes for revenge. The need for it will cease when some Hungarian régime — perhaps one more democratic as a result of the fulfilment of the Hungarian peasants' demand for the secret ballot and for land reform—recognizes that the non-Magyar portions of the old Hungarian domains are really gone, that they cannot possibly be retrieved except by war, and that war for this purpose is impossible.

Where is Mankind Going?

News of a military alliance reported to have been signed recently between Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia—the members of the "Little Entente"—gave rise to questionings about the trend of affairs in the traditional trouble area of south-eastern Europe. As editor of Foreign Affairs, the quarterly review published by the Council on Foreign Relations, and author of The New Balkans, Hamilton Fish Armstrong speaks with an authority based on personal knowledge and long study of the Balkans, regarding the significance of recent developments there and their relation to the broader life and peace of Europe as a whole. He is one of the contributors to this weekly editorial page who constitute our list of witnesses to the progress of events in their special fields of activity and thought

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The Trans-Atlantic Derby

By H. W. MEYER

The colors of the Mauretania, the mistress of the Atlantic, were finally lowered to the Bremen of the North German Lloyd. And now the race for speed supremacy is on in full force. With several fast steamers soon to be launched, the Bremen may have to extend herself to hold the title. Mr. Meyer, who is a New York ship-broker, here analyzes the contest from the viewpoint of a practical shipping man

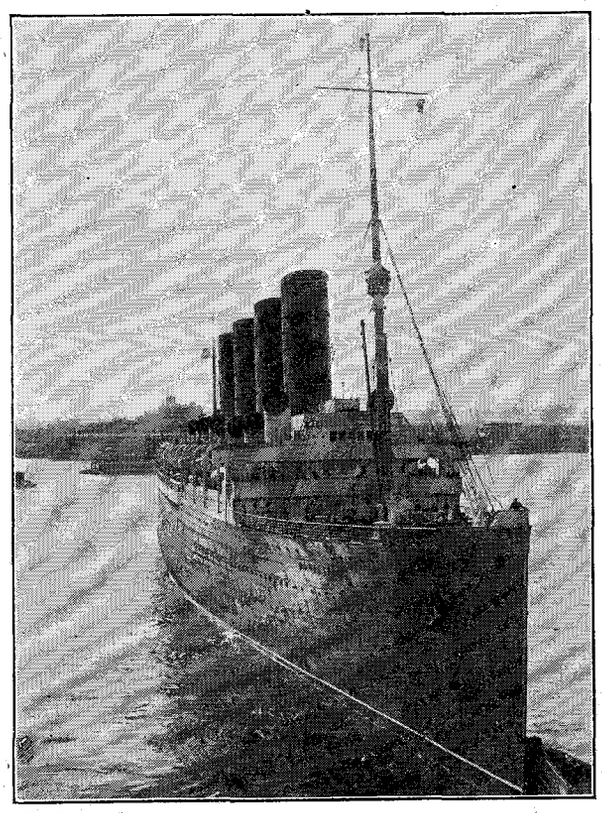
THE contest for the mythical "Blue Ribbon" for the fastest voyage across the Atlantic, has been considered by many as one of the potent factors in the series of events culminating in the World War. It was Germany and England who bitterly fought for the distinction throughout two decades prior to 1914.

The Cunarder Mauretania conquered, and held the honors for England, until the advent of the Bremen and her spectacular maiden voyage put Germany once more in the lead. Between the building of the Mauretania and the Bremen there was the World War—which annihilated the German Empire and the German merchant marine.

Even before the War the challenge of the Mauretania had not remained unanswered by the Germans; the Imperator (52,226 tons), the Vaterland (59,957 tons), the Bismark (56,551 tons) bear witness to their efforts. While in speed those ships fell somewhat short of the Mauretania, they far surpassed her in size, the Germans striving to combine excessive speed with excessive size and excessive comfort. They had already exceeded the Mauretania (30,696 tons) by almost double her tonnage, with the sky apparently the limit; and the attaining of greater speed was merely a question of continued experiment and progressive improvement,—when the events of August 1914 spelled the *'hic finis est—.'*

After the War there was a marked abatement of size and speed in the building program of both English and German Lines—the Majestic ex-Bismark, the Berengaria ex-Imperator, now in the hands of English Lines, and the Leviathan ex-Vaterland, now the pride of the American Merchant Marine ("made in Germany") continuing to represent the show pieces of trans-Atlantic shipping. Many were saying the days of the big ships were now definitely over.

The Cunard Line brought out a set of vessels of the Ausonia class of 14,000 tons, following it up with the very fine vessels of the Franconia class of 20,000 tons and 16-17 knots speed. Their adversaries of old, the Hamburg-American-Line, after some tentative "feeling out the market" with the Thuringia and the Westphalia, developed the four vessels of the Deutschland class of 20,000 tons and 16½ knots speed. These ships embody all the elements of safety and comfort and proved to be a splendid instrument of profitable operation in the hands of those experienced owners. The big ships seemed indeed a phenomenon of the past.



Underwood

FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS SUPREME

The Cunarder Mauretania which held the trans-Atlantic record

Two reasons wrought this change of mind: Firstly economy, especially essential to the Germans, who got "cleaned out" under the terms of the Versailles Treaty, and secondly anticipated air transportation, of which again the Germans were more keenly apprehensive.

As regards economy, it is conceded that 20,000 tons in size and 16-17 knots speed constitute the point where cost of construction and cost of operation meet normal revenue to the best advantage of the operator, i. e. such boats are the most economical, yield the best returns on the cash layout involved. Returns, of course, are governed by revenue. And if an excessively big and fast ship attracts a disproportionate share of the best-paying trade, it may thereby become economical in spite of its large operating expense and initial cost. But it can do so only as long as there is no competition by equally constructed vessels. The available trade is limited. The passenger traffic across the Atlantic has not yet reached the peak of 1913, the last year before the War, due to our quota laws, regulating immigration. An analysis of this traffic would show that the percentage of travelers who desire speed and are willing to even pay a higher fare for it is limited. The larger percentage prefer a comfortable berth with plenty of good food on a nine-day boat, rather than at a higher cost on a five-day racer. They like to get their money's worth. A man may be willing to spend some money, but he would rather spend his vacation—and here he may spend more of it for the same money! And if the nine-day boat happens to be of the Deutschland type, the only type with anti-rolling tanks, which renders sea-sickness a forgotten issue, one fails to see how a vacationist could spend his time to better advantage for his health and well-being.

Considering, on the other hand, the recently projected building program of most of the big trans-Atlantic lines, they must rely upon an unusual number of the "hurry-up" type of ocean-crossing travelers, so as to warrant having made their financial investment. While no actual figures are at hand, it can be estimated the Bremen must sell a minimum of $250,000 worth of tickets for every

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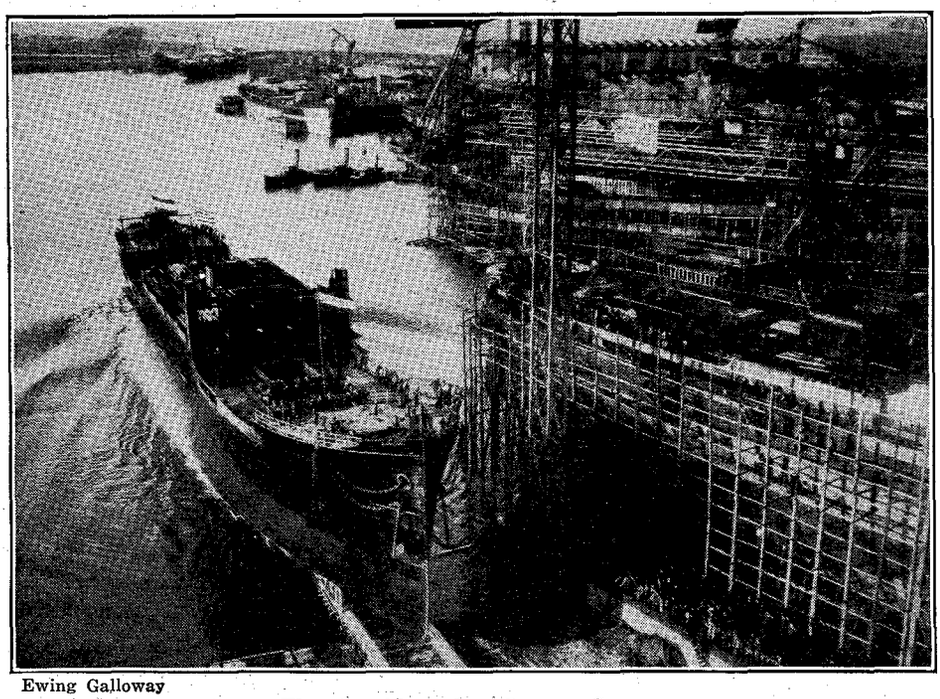

Ewing Galloway

The great shipyards at Bremen, Germany

one of her eighteen round trips per year in order to break even.

As regards air transportation; this would be of interest for the present survey only in so far as its speedy development to a point of regular service might avert the impending imbroglio on the Atlantic. As matters are turning out, it seems that this is not to be. The steamship people, more especially the Germans, had calculated that a regular Zeppelin service might be developed within a short time after the War. Such means of communication, representing the "ne plus ultra" of speed, would take care of the high-priced, speed-desiring portion of the traffic, while medium-sized vessels of medium speed would suffice for the rest. However, the considerable uncertainty, so far attaching to the movements of a Zeppelin, viewed in proportion to the comparatively small time-saving (20 hours against the Bremen on recent westward trips), has proved a set-back to these expectations.

A promise, furthermore, is contained in the contest between lighter-than-air and heavier-than-air machines. Dornier's flying motor yacht, Do. X, which is now making her trial flights in Germany, bids fair to advance the decision. Here the question of safety seems to be paramount. It is true that Do. X can remain aloft with four of its twelve motors gone dead. But if four motors go dead, twelve may. And then there will be a glide downward to the sea. Assuming that she settles on the water without mishap, can the boat live in a rough sea with a super-structure of some 160 feet of wing spread and twelve motors? Would she not be top-heavy in spite of her lateral fins? If it is possible to unship wings and motors on short notice, a high degree of safety would indeed be reached, although, while thus safely completing the voyage, no speed record would be established—but likewise is a ship subject to occasional engine trouble with resultant delay. The human mind will not cease to grapple with these problems, and technique in due time will solve them.

Meanwhile, with air transportation as a factor held in abeyance, another Blue Ribbon derby and mammoth ship construction contest is looming up.

It is true that the big ship has not yet disappeared. The Majestic, Olympic, Aquitania, Berengaria, Leviathan and Mauretania are still afloat. But their average age being sixteen years, one may forecast the time when they will be relegated to the scrapheap and with them the idea of bigger and faster ships.

Now comes the Bremen. The idea will not die. The fight is on, more deadly than of yore. While in pre-War times only Germans and English were the contenders, the present conflict will be aggravated by the added participation of France, the United States and even Italy, encouraged by the redoubtable Mussolini, who apparently must mingle in every fray where there are honors to be secured, no matter how little there is logically to be gained. For, speaking of speedy passages, the New York-Cherbourg route thence by express train to Italy, will always beat the speediest vessel Signor Mussolini may commit to the waves on the all-water route.

It is remarkable that the Hamburg-American-Line, one time foremost creator of mammoth ships, has refused to become a contestant. Theirs was the largest shipping institution in the world of pre-War days, and they are fast regaining first place. Conservatism and foresight evidently prompts them to stay out of the melée. They also will sacrifice to the speed, but only to the extent of installing more powerful engines in the ships of the Deutschland class. Beyond this they will remain true to their post-bellum convictions and have even expressed the intention of financing air-craft rather than building bigger and faster ships. Such would not be inconsistent with conservatism, if you consider that hundreds invested in air-craft means thousands in a big ship. The former will sooner or later become a success, whereas the latter is rather certain to be unremunerative in the long run.

How severe the fight will be, how

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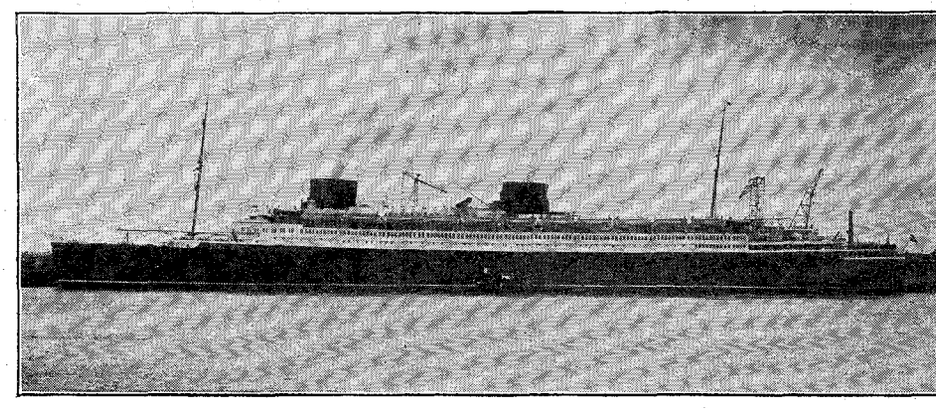

THE FASTEST AFLOAT
North German Lloyd Liner Bremen

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Holding Your Man in Russia

By BETTY ROSS

Russia, it appears, has become a paradise for feminists. Under the Soviet regime, women have equal responsibilities along with equal rights. Miss Ross, who is an American journalist, found that this gave marriage a new stability—and in the face of extremely generous divorce laws

IT DOESN'T take you long to find out in Russia that the "new morality," which gives men and women equal rights, means fifty-fifty everywhere, from the divorce-court and factory to the tramway, the box-office at the theatre and the roast in the kitchen ice-box.

My own first-hand knowledge of this state of affairs came when I mentioned to a friend, a Russian singer, that I wanted to see "The Red Poppy," a new ballet, before leaving Moscow.

"Can you come to it this Friday evening?" he says, and when I assent, he tells me to be ready about seven-thirty. (N. B.—after dinner).

Moscow is in a light drizzle when he calls for me, and walking in thin satin shoes along jagged pavements, swirling in mud, does not rate high with me, so I coyly halt before the carriage-stand where bundled-up *isvostchiks* begin haggling for our fare.

When it comes down from three roubles to one, I look at my escort. "If it's worth that to you to get there, let's go," he says, and the rickety carriage drives us to the theatre. "A rouble," says he, when we alight, holding out his hand. Half in jest, I extend a bill, which he passes on to the driver.

Inside the theatre an usher stops me. "It's customary to check your wraps," explains my escort as he disposes of his. "Have you twenty kopekes?"

I hand him a fifty-kopeke piece. "Let him keep the change," says he, walking along.

During the intermission, we stroll into the buffet serving tea with lemon, almond cakes, waffles with cream spurting from the ends, and red apples. "Care for a glass of tea?" he asks, and when I succumb to a waffle with cream, he hands me back change from the coin I extend.

We walk home, since the rain is over, and at my doorway, he halts, "No tea inside?" he asks, in evident disappointment.

I shake my head.

"Can't we go in and make some? You have a burner, haven't you?"

I explain that I'm a guest at this American concessionaire's home—the erstwhile abode of an exiled noble—and have no knowledge of its domestic accoutrements.

My escort cannot conceal his regret. "Why didn't you say that sooner?" he asks. "We could have stopped in at my house. My kettle's always full." Not a word about the many shops serving tea and buns we passed on our way home!

Thus, the next time this singer telephones, when another youth had bespoken for the evening, I reason like the typical Russian flapper: "Whose company do I actually prefer? Wherever we go, and whatever we eat, I pay my way!" And so the opera singer loses out to a youth who supports himself as interpreter while contributing to foreign periodicals. He varied the procedure by first taking my five-rouble note and at the end of the evening returning to me the unused kopekes.

NOT ALONE during the courtship of a youth and maid, but right on through the marriage and family life does woman keep on her fifty-fifty stand, which, she firmly believes, helps her hold her husband. Vacationing in the Crimea, I met a buxom woman with three children, toasting her back on the beach. "Why do you worry?" I remark, as she debates about lengthening her stay. "If your husband doesn't mind the expense, why not remain?"

She looks at me aghast. "My husband? What has he to do with it? He couldn't afford to send us down here—and I'd never ask him. I'm here on my vacation from the library."

She then explains that after marriage she did give up her library job, but when the children began to arrive, the library permitted her to carry on her translation work at home.

"In Russia," she points out, "we are brought up with the idea that every woman has work, and must not permit her private life to interfere with it. If a woman wants to marry or have children, that's something very personal, but no more affects her job than it does a man's. We realize that work is the key to woman's emancipation, and when we declared ourselves equal, began working side by side with man in everything from conductor on the trolley-car to general in the army. Ours is the only country in the world where women do not marry for money—because no man has more than his worker's salary. Thus our women cannot ever be accused of marrying for a meal-ticket. When she marries she does not even get vows of eternal fidelity," she adds, "for a man can get a divorce two weeks after the wedding, without even letting his wife know or giving the state any grounds but merely affixing the government stamps to the decree.

"We marry only for love," she says frankly, "for our men can give us nothing else—not even security. I imagine that in America when a girl accepts a marriage proposal, she often is saying to herself: 'I want a home, a husband, an interest in your property, a name for my children—insurance against old age.' When a Russian woman whispers 'Ya vas lublu' (I love you) she is saying to herself: 'I know the day may come when you will tire of me and seek another; I know this wonder in our hearts may one day die. I may be old then—perhaps never desired again. I gain nothing but your love—for my material struggles go on. Yet I give myself to you in marriage. I love you.'"

Man's attitude towards this fifty-fifty status, I glean from my guide as we trudge along the rickety pavements of Nikitsky Varota in Moscow. "If not for my shaven head, don't you think I'm quite European looking?" he asks, gazing with pride at the shirt and vest a parting tourist had willed him. The other guides wear a high-necked blouse serving as undershirt, overshirt and vest.

"Indeed you are," I answer, "I picture your wife sitting home all day and praying that no one runs off with you. After all—divorce here is so easy and a guide meets many fine-looking women tourists!"

He shakes his head. "My wife does nothing of the sort. She's busy at her job in the hospital. They work her pretty hard there."

"But aren't you employed all season?" I query.

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Greater Paris

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS has succumbed to "city planning." Alarmed by the congestion, unsatisfactory housing conditions and inadequate transportation facilities in the "banlieue," as the suburban districts around the city are called, the city fathers have met and taken action to remedy matters. The Municipal Council of Paris, working in conjunction with the General Council of the Seine—the latter representing those towns and villages which, though to all intents and purposes suburbs of the French metropolis, nevertheless jealously preserve their independence as separate municipal entities—now has under discussion a plan so ambitious in scope that, when carried out, it will have created a Greater Paris rivaling Greater New York in the New World, and cities in the Old World, such as London and Berlin and Rome, where the voice of the "city planner" has long been heard.

Thus Paris, capital of one of the most conservative of countries, whose inhabitants make radical changes in their surroundings and ways of living only with extreme reluctance and only after giving them profound thought, has joined the ranks of the cities whose rapid growth has made further conservatism impossible.

To be sure, this is by no means the first appearance of the "city planner" in Paris. More than a century ago Napoleon I, eager to perpetuate the memory of his brilliant victories, made for his Arch of Triumph a magnificent square, with broad avenues radiating from it in all directions, which, to this day, remain so up-to-date that it is difficult to believe they date back to the First Empire. Similarly, in the days of the Second Empire, Paris felt the hand of an extremely up-to-date city planner, Baron Haussmann. Enthusiastically backed by the Emperor Napoleon III, he caused the demolition of entire blocks of old buildings and the construction of splendid boulevards, including the one which bears his name.

But since the time of Napoleon I and Napoleon III, little has been done in and around Paris to keep pace with modern ideas in city planning. Paris proper has been allowed to grow until now it is simply bursting the artificial bounds imposed upon it by its antiquated girdle of fortifications. So detrimental did they prove at last to the development of the city that they were torn down a short time ago—no grass-grown ramparts now separate Paris from the "banlieue." But the harm had been done—it will take the city many years to recover from that confining belt of fortifications, which acted on its growth as the bandages decreed by ancient Chinese custom acted on that of the feet of Chinese women.

As for the "banlieue," the towns and villages composing it have been increasing their population at a phenomenal rate, yet little has been done to insure the development of street planning, housing and transportation to keep pace with this increase. Whereas the city of Paris proper showed an increase in population, between 1896 and 1926, of only 14 per cent, the inhabitants of the "banlieue" increased 118 per cent—that is, at a rate over eight times as great as was the case with population living behind the line of the old fortifications. This is largely due to the fact that, in France as in other countries, there is a strong tendency among that section of the population hitherto devoted to agricultural pursuits to flock to the cities in search of more remunerative work. Whereas, sixty years ago, only one-fourth of the population of France was living in the cities and big towns, the proportion now living there is considerably over one-half the total population. Packed together in Paris and the Parisian "banlieue," there are about 5,000,000 people, more than one-eighth of the total French population.

Just what is to be done to remedy conditions among this huge collection of people, living in what has been described as a "haphazard conglomeration of wealthy quarters and slum suburbs," has not been determined yet, but those in charge of "city planning" for Paris and its surroundings are tackling the question in a way that promises the emergence of a scheme both drastic in its flaunting of tradition and ultra-modern in its main features.

So far, one thing has been definitely decided upon: the further development of the existing system of underground railways in Paris and its suburbs—the so-called "Metro"—so as to provide such facilities for the "banlieue" as will be adequate for many years to come, no matter how much the population may increase. Already there are prophecies that the Paris district will have a population of 7,000,000 within ten years or so, hence the foresight of the city fathers in the matter of extending the "Metro" at this early date is something meriting high praise.

Plans have been made for fifteen new underground lines, supplementing those already in existence. These new lines will run many miles outward from the line of the old fortifications, where, at the present, the termini of the city underground lines are located. Construction, already under way, is to be completed within fifteen years.

What the "Metro" extension will mean to Paris and its surrounding districts may be realized when it is borne in mind that little has been done in the way of modernization of the railway lines serving the "banlieue" for the past sixty or seventy years. The lines themselves and their termini in Paris are much as they were in the days before the Franco-German War of 1870. Few suburban railways have been electrified and the old wooden cars of early days of railroading still form the staple equipment of most of the trains carrying Paris passengers to and from their suburban homes. With the extension of the "Metro"—the rolling stock of which is even now extremely up-to-date—a new era in transportation will dawn for the commuter of the Parisian "banlieue"—especially as it is quite likely that the new suburban underground will bring about the electrification of many of the regular railway lines serving the "banlieue," as well as the introduction of modern equipment for their trains.

When the last girdle of fortifications enclosing Paris was razed to the ground a short time ago those who welcome the march of Twentieth Century progress gloated loudly while lovers of the old Paris, averse to all changes tending to modify the aspect of their beloved city, waxed correspondingly mournful and apprehensively wondered what further pranks the Demon of Modernity might have up his sleeve. Now that the details of a full-fledged "city plan" are about to burst over Paris, what a chorus of gloating and mourning there will be!

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Our Country!

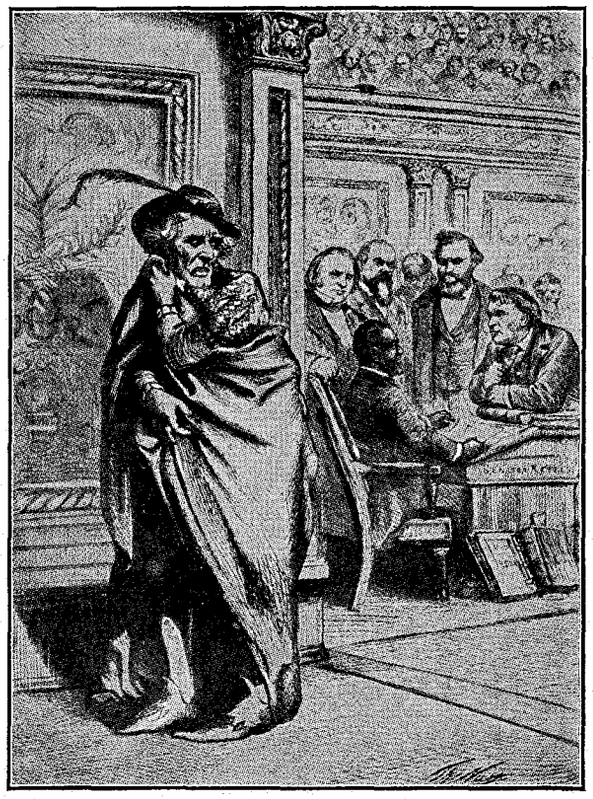
The Tragic Era, the Revolution After Lincoln. By CLAUDE G. BOWERS: Houghton, Mifflin. $5.

MR. FRANCIS HACKETT, who is in a position to speak with authority, relates in the August *Bookman* the true story of the elopement of the Goddess History and a charming youth whom he calls "the literary troubadour." The Goddess has grown weary of "her proprietor, the gentleman with the beard," although the marriage had been duly solemnized at "the Institute of Historical Research." Mr. Hackett declares himself in full sympathy with this escape from the bonds of matrimony; it "was time she left the professor—(who) was not so faithful to her as he might have been." The professor had one eye "on the goddess of success."

Gratified as he is, however, the author of *Henry the Eighth* offers a word of advice to the new lover. Let all the troubadours who wish to satisfy the Goddess History, he pleads, "regularize the union." Under the "guise of a flapper she is a goddess of the antique mold." In other words, the troubadour must lay aside his lute. The "irregular union of history with vivacity cannot remain tolerable unless we who care for life are ready to work for a living."

It is an admirable and charming article which Mr. Hackett wrote. It is also very wise. And it is gratifying to find that Mr. Bowers, whose elopement with the Goddess is comparatively recent, must have had the union sanctified by a Bishop Manning at the least. Here is the "new history"—it is not a biography of any single figure—at its best. There are none of the imagined conversations offered by an Emil Ludwig. It bears the unmistakable authenticity of careful scholarship, hard work, heart-breaking research among musty records and forgotten documents. Yet it moves swiftly. There are few dull spots among its five hundred pages. Mr. Bowers has chosen the story of the bitter days of Reconstruction and has told it in a way that will cause the Daughters of the American Revolution, should they inadvertently stumble upon the book, to hang their heads in shame.

The story of the twelve years which followed the assassination of Lincoln is a shameful one, and Mr. Bowers tells it brutally, forcefully and without restraint. For years the historian softened the harsh outlines. The Fourth of July orator could thunder, with small fear of contradiction, that the United States had always been noble, her statesmen ever great. More recently, the dark truth has crept into print. Professor Muzzey of Columbia, for example, has revealed much of it. James Ford Rhodes, correcting his earlier versions, gave belated justice to Andrew Johnson in his *The History of the United States Since the Compromise of 1850.* Two recent biographies of Johnson have gone even further.



REVELS IN THE SENATE
Nast's Cartoon, from The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers (Houghton Mifflin)

The tendency is now, of course, to pay such tribute to Johnson that he is in danger of deification. Mr. Bowers falls, perhaps, into this error. To him Johnson was always wise, calm and judicious. He admits none of the "essential coarseness of fiber" or the "tactlessness and egotism" seen by Dr. Muzzey in his *The American Adventure* (Vol. II, p. 3). Even the indubitable historical fact that Johnson was intoxicated when he took the oath of office as Vice-President is blithely explained away: it was the humid heat of the hall which caused his disgrace. One remembers, after all, that Mr. Bowers is a Democrat and was key-note speaker at the torrid convention in Houston a year ago.

But these are minor flaws. In *The Tragic Era* Mr. Bowers writes with a vigor, a sense of the colorful, and above all a feeling for the people of his drama. Under his touch Thad Stevens becomes alive. So does the stupid and futile Grant. So does Sumner who "understood phrases better than psychology," who liked to believe that every speech he made would, after its utterance, become "a part of literature—like those of Cicero and Burke." So does Henry Ward Beecher, "always as much politician as preacher." And so do all the blackguards who ravished the South in the terrible days when northern patriots forced her to pay what they conceived the true cost of rebellion.

History, after all, is the sum of the men who make it. Mr. Bowers tells the stories of these men and does so, for the most part, with conscientious honesty. Many a reputation is shattered once again in these pages. He has been unsparing with facts. And his study of reconstruction proves once again that in the history of every nation there is *much* to be found that is shameful.

The Literary Guild has selected *The Tragic Era* for distribution to its members.

HENRY F. PRINGLE.

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Ultima Thule. By H. H. Richardson: W. W. Norton. $2.50.

The general public has required twenty years to learn that Henry Handel Richardson is one of the finest of living English novelists. Not often is our sense of poetic justice gratified as in the belated success which has come to this remarkable writer with the publication of *Ultima Thule*. *Maurice Guest*, that extraordinary penetrating study of life among musicians in Germany, has for years been a classic to novelists but has been little read by others. Now an indifferent generation has at last awakened to the splendid talent which has reached its finest expression in *Ultima Thule*. This is one of the truest and most poignant books written by a contemporary writer. It is the heart-breaking chronicle of defeat and poverty and humiliation in late middle age, a story so cruel that it wrings a cry: "From age, O Lord, deliver us!"

But while *Ultima Thule* is as unflinching in its realism as *Maurice Guest*, it is illumined by an element lacking in the earlier book, which was so unrelieved in its pessimism. This element, rare in modern literature, is the married love of Richard Mahoney and his Mary. Superficially mismated, the intellectual failure and his sturdy practical wife exasperate and torment one another to the verge of hatred. But the mysterious bond holds long after youth and strength and beauty have passed. Even on that terrible journey to meet her husband on his return from the insane asylum, not wishing to disgrace Richard by too shabby an appearance, she put on her one remaining silk dress, her jet-trimmed mantle, her best bonnet in which still nodded the red rose he had been used to fancy her in—and Mary drove to Calvary in an old buggy.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness! From frustration and disappointment has been wrought this book of enduring truth and beauty. The final paragraph might serve as an epitaph not only for Richard Mahoney but for all unwilling and rebellious pioneers in new and unlovely lands. "The rich and kindly earth of his adopted country absorbed his perishable body as the country itself had never contrived to make its own his wayward vagrant spirit."

Ultima Thule is a great novel in the best traditions. Its selection does honor to the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Whiteoaks of Jalna. By Mazo de la Roche: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

It has been said that the life of any human being can be made intensely interesting if presented faithfully in all its aspects by a biographer of insight. Mazo de la Roche made us know the Whiteoak family of *Jalna* as we know our neighbors. On the whole these people were not very important, or their lives replete with stirring incident. And yet, thanks chiefly to the author's gift for significant detail, we were absorbed in their interwoven destinies, as we are concerned with the affairs of people about us, not so much because they are extraordinary or brilliant beings, but simply because they are human and their fortunes have become part of the stream we call life. We are glad to find all the Whiteoaks again in the sequel to *Jalna*. We are reminded of recurring visits to an old country house in Kentucky which focussed the multiple interests of a large family, closely knit by tradition, although the individual members were varied and even antagonistic in temperament. This kind of family solidarity has become so rare in America that it scarcely served as a sufficient motive for sacrificing the happiness of Renny and Alayne in the first volume of the Whiteoak Saga. Miss de la Roche has brought all the Whiteoaks together for a second chance and this time the philandering husband, Eden, given enough rope to hang himself, eventually provides a decent way out for his wife and brother. As in *Jalna*, the old grandmother is again the dominating figure of the book,—fantastic and exaggerated, but still plausible and memorable. The personality of Renny, though less completely materialized, still stands out vital, original, and even disturbing, as evidence of the author's ability for authentic creation of character, which is after all the final test of the novelist. We hope we have not heard the last of the Whiteoaks.

Mary Shirley.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

Brentano's, *New York;* Scrantoms, Inc., *Rochester;* Korner & Wood, *Cleveland;* Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, *St Louis;* Kendrick Bellamy Co., *Denver;* Teolin Pillot Co., *Houston;* Paul Elder & Co., *San Francisco;* Norman Remington Co., *Baltimore;* Emery Bird Thayer, *Kansas City;* Miller's Book Store, *Atlanta.* Bullock's, *Los Angeles;* Marshall Field & Co., *Chicago;* Stewart Kidd, *Cincinnati;* J. K. Gill, Co., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Doran. With perfect and terrible detachment the author makes a comedy of dazzling rilliance and exquisite balance. Reviewed August 7.

The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz: Appleton. A book to sink your teeth into and read with a pleasure at once eager and tranquil. Reviewed August 7.

Roper's Row, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. Against the press of novelists who would destroy the harmless illusions of readers, Warwick Deeping stands as champion. Reviewed August 7.

Hide in the Dark, by Frances Noyes Hart: Doubleday, Doran. The story holds the interest from first page to last. Reviewed August 21.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of philosophy but of small stature as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Salt Water Taffy, by Corey Ford: Putnam. A funny if over-long parody of the "Cradle of the Deep."

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8.

The Love of the Foolish Angel. By Helen Beauclerk: Cosmopolitan. $2.50.

Young Tamael loved everything in Heaven, and especially Lucifer, proudest and most beautiful of the angels; thinking no harm, for in those days Lucifer was quite generally admired and esteemed; that was before the revolt. Guileless Tamael was to the last, yet Michael cast him down into Hell with the rest when Lucifer fell, because of the golden feather he wore at his breast. He was utterly useless there, being so innocent, so Lucifer sent him to earth in the hope that he would learn to tempt humans unto sin.

The lovely Basilea, a Syrian maid, was to be Tamael's prey. How he came upon her in her garden, after his visit to the sorcerer, how he suffered from the wickedness of the demon Barshamoth and rescued Basilea from the Roman merchant Galla, how he fled into the desert that is between Syria and Babylon and finally became skilled in sinning—all this and much more Miss Beauclerk tells in a prose so charming as to place her at once among the major scribes. Perhaps there is no need to

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speak overmuch of certain affinities to Anatole France's angels and irony or to Mr. Cabell's myths or to Flaubert's heathen trappings, for Miss Beauclerk has made the stuff of her story her own. Her delightful book belongs to all who can bring to it a love of delicate writing and a taste for subtle philosophy.

Best of all for the writer's fortunes, *The Love of the Foolish Angel* need not depend solely upon an audience of the elect. Its excellently contrived story should carry it far and wide among general readers.

The Beautiful Years. By HENRY WILLIAMSON: Dutton. $2.50.

MOST OF THOSE who made friends with Captain William Maddison, M. C., in *The Pathway* (published in America last February) will be glad to meet him as a youngster. They have their opportunity in *The Beautiful Years,* wherein Willie Maddison, alias Little Will'um—as distinguished from Big Will'um, the farm foreman—progresses through his seventh, eighth and ninth years in a manner, if one may say so, not so very different from that of many other good little English boys. Hardly so impressive a novel as *The Pathway,* this story of childhood easily deserves a hearing on its own account.

Indeed, Willie is likely to annoy only those somber persons—fortunately few—who can stand just so much talk about Mother Nature, and no more. Mr. Williamson's child is nothing if not a Nature-lover, so much so that his father presents him with a copy of *Our Bird Friends* in perhaps the most touching scene in the book, a scene in which the two Maddisons arrive at a tentative understanding after a bit of trouble in school and out. The peasant loves of Jim and Dolly provide a thread of grownup interest for those who demand that sort of thing. *Dandelion Days,* to be issued in January, will continue the history of William Maddison.

Five and Ten. By FANNIE HURST: Harper. $2.50.

IN WHICH Miss Hurst undertakes to point out nothing less startling than the effects of stupendous wealth upon the family of John G. Rarick, the Dime Millionaire—and a pretty frightful lot they are, too, including John G. (Fifth Avenue by way of Fancy Prairie, Keokuk and St. Louis.) A lively saga of small, not to say vulgar souls in an expensive and quasi-cultural setting, *Five and Ten* demands a cheer for its abundant merits of incident and character. Its philosophical and economic message may, as time goes on, find itself more or less in the controversial field—as what message may not?

Miss Hurst's money-ridden gallery consists chiefly of the pathetic John G., with his bins of cheap merchandise, his art collections and his eminently five-and-ten mentality; Jenny, his unlovely wife, with her social aspirations and ill health; daughter Jennifer, a fancier of married men and Argentines, and son Avery, a poetically-inclined youth who comes to an end well suited to the novel's thesis. There is also Dr. Felix Gerker, a scholarly person serving as idealogical background, who appears to have swallowed the Encyclopaedia Britannica offstage—at that, he has sense enough to marry an Eskimo and live happily ever afterwards. A somewhat unusual adventure for this author, her new book will be welcomed for its more characteristically Hurstian passages.

WILL CUPPY.

Illustration by Constance Whittemore from Wonder Tales from Fairy Isles by Frances Jenkins Olcott, Longmans, Green

Field of Honor. By DONN BYRNE: Century. $2.50.

IN THIS, his last book, Donn Byrne attempted a sort of minor "War and Peace," in the romantic vein and from an angle decidedly favorable to Napoleon. The thread of the story follows the career of young Garrett Dillon, Irish gentleman, who with the idea of serving his country, became chief aid to Lord Castlereagh, British Minister of War, and tells of the breach that arose therefrom between him and his girl wife, who hated the bloody Castlereagh with an unremitting hatred. In a broader sense, the book deals with the titanic struggle between English gold and Napoleonic genius, from the time Napoleon was crowned Emperor until his death on St. Helena. In prologues to the several parts of the book the author enters variously into the minds of Wordsworth, Goethe, Shelley and other famous figures. This is all very well in a sense; it attains breadth of vision; but it does not make for coherence. The effect is too kaleidoscopic. The reader has the feeling of watching a series of flashes on the cinema screen, disconnected flashes that are run too fast to be quite clear. For no apparent reason, the author has inserted stretches of historical narrative and long paragraphs of nature description, both of which fail to advance the action in the least. So at times it carries one along with a rush, while at others it proves very dull reading. Those who care for it, however, may find recompense in the rich romantic style for which Donn Byrne was famous.

JENNINGS RICE.

Singermann. By MYRON BRINIG: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THIS HEAVILY overwritten and disjointed account of the doings of a family of orthodox Jews in Montana is saved by its intensity of feeling, as well as by a number of vivid passages and a vein of real and touching beauty, from being merely indigestible. It is not in any sense a novel; it is a series of unfinished episodes whose sole claim to unity is the family name.

Nevertheless it holds the interest, if you are the kind of reader that is patient with a good deal of painstaking prolixity. Michael Singermann occupies many pages in getting born and circumcized. Joseph Singermann marries a girl in the penultimate stage of assimilation—the first being reform, and the second Christian Science. Rachel Singermann marries the romantic barber Boris, who has been so thoughtless as to get married once or

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twice previously. Louis Singermann makes a gesture of escape from the drabness of his father's business, but at the first crack of the whip he comes home with his tail between his legs. Lusty David marries a whore, and a non-Jewess at that. Sol is a plucky prize-fighter. Michael gets taken to a place where little boys shouldn't go. Harry escapes from peculiar trouble. Michael thinks he'll be a writer. Moses, the father, dies.

The elementals of life are taken much too seriously. Most people have heard of sex before. This book does not start one's mental machinery.

S. Ish-Kishor.

Weathergoose-Woo! By Percy MacKaye: Longmans, Green. $2.50.

Weathergoose-Woo! is probably the most convincing of Percy MacKaye's exploitations of realism as strange as fantasy. Again, and with much success, he has attempted to rescue from oblivion the superstitious mind and the dialect speech of the Kentucky mountaineers.

Excellent characterization distinguishes this collection of Appalachian tales. Instead of being directly defined or analyzed, personalities are allowed to reveal themselves in typical emotional situations, as in the case of two lovers like Judy, "plump fifteen and gyardin-sweet as high-bright in mockin' bird noon time," and Jess who is "broad-tall, gret-limbdest piece o' young manflesh." Their significance does not depend upon the weirdness of the general setting, for accidents have happened and women have married men for money in far less unusual environments than this one. Judy's problem is part of the unmistakable vein of stark realism which flows just beneath the book's surface of pure fantasy.

J. Dana Tasker.

Monks are Monks: A Diagnostic Scherzo. By George Jean Nathan: Knopf. $2.50.

Mr. Nathan presents Miss Lorinda Hope, a gallant young woman who is, as the author puts it, simply and accurately, tired of virginity. She accordingly sets out to find a lover—more particularly a literary lover, but in that discreet phrase of the lady-like Beatrice Lillie, "What with this and what with that" she fails in her dishonorable intention. She achieves friendship with some half dozen eminent men of letters; she learns little of love but a great deal about literature from these monkish gentlemen, who eventually talk the poor girl into a nunnery. The six writers differ superficially—except in their passion for talk—but peeping from behind each character is the same George Jean Nathan, shouting "Boo!" like an *enfant terrible*. But we are not as startled as when Mr. Nathan first began saying "Boo" at people and things he did not like. We have jumped too often before. For instance, his sneers at the A.E.F. and the American Legion are as dull as stale beer. Even the personality of Calvin Coolidge, excruciating as it may be, is scarcely amusing enough for such oft-reiterated quips as we find here. And Mr. Nathan has his moments of hero-worship like lesser men. For instance, he still believes Clarence Darrow to be the ultimate flower of the legal profession.

We wonder why a writer of Nathan's brilliant gifts, one so definitely committed by his own fine talents to the office of an arbiter of aesthetics, so competent to become an authentic influence in the creative work of his generation, should choose to mar much of his critical work by comments on public affairs with which he is unfitted to cope by temperament, training or contacts. In matters of pure criticism Mr. Nathan invariably shows taste, intuition, vigor, a wit that flashes and delights, the instinct of genius for the apt phrase that devastates or illuminates, and a genuinely aristocratic mind as well as an imposing fund of information. But in the discussion of public affairs he becomes childish, peevish and, like a child, frequently monotonous and tiresome, in a fussy fuming about politics, of which he knows little. Mr. Nathan has every potentiality of the Critic as Artist. Why does he wish to be what is known as a Great Thinker?

Mary Shirley.

The Week's Reading

Fulton Oursler's The World's Delight Harpers

A fictionized life of Adah Isaacs Menken, which in our opinion fails in its attempt to romanticize that famous beauty into a figure of heroic size. Her beauty—the one thing which brought her fame and the friendship of Dumas, Swinburne and the others—is the one thing of which the author does not convince us. Yet hers was a colorful life, as dancer, circus rider and actress. A colored balloon of a story—very pretty and graceful—but Mr. Oursler blew to much wind into it—and it burst.

W. G. Rogers' Life Goes On Liveright

The events of a single evening in the life of Jack Faulkner, automobile salesman, and his wife Margaret. The Faulkners give a little party, to which come the teacher who is head of the school their small daughter attends; Dr. Vielbig, the dentist; and Jane Schlesinger and Charlie McNabe, two rather rowdy friends of Jack's, whom Margaret thinks cheap. Jane, Jack and Charlie get rather tight and noisy on liquor which the latter has brought and the party ends in a row caused by Margaret's jealousy. Jack returns from taking his friends home to find Margaret about to leave his roof forever. But the physical tie between them is too strong for her resolution, and she gives in and stays. The story is told entirely in conversation, without a word of description or even any indication of who is speaking, but there is no confusion and the method is extraordinarily effective.

Colette's Chéri Boni

Two demi-mondaine contemporaries, and the son of one is the lover of the other. Then the son marries a girl his own age, the daughter of a third demi, and poor Léa, demi number two, is out of luck. Another hare for the Boston hounds to hunt to cover. Yet it is well written, with delicacy and tenderness as well as with sophistication and gaiety,—as any one who is familiar with Mme. Colette's other novels will know. The translation is excellent, somewhat defaced by careless proof reading.

Dwight C. Rose's Investment Management Harper

The author, who is a member of Scudder, Stevens & Clark investment counsel, makes his approach to the subject of investment management by a clever exposition of the desirability of selecting securities upon the advice of investment counsel, rather than at the instance of bond dealers who are financially interested in the sale of particular issues. He then develops a yard-stick for a measure of investment accomplishment. This he calls "riskless rental value,"—in other words that rate of return which may be had in any year without risk of capital loss. Il-

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luminating conclusions result from applying this measure over the past 25 years to the record of sundry investing agencies, such as insurance companies. The details of this survey form the body of the book. It is a readable and suggestive work, and we recommend it to the inquiring investor, although we doubt that its study will convince the average investor that he is thereby duly qualified to make his own unaided selection of securities.

Kenneth Perkins's Gold Stokes

When the crew of the Cape Cod, cruising in the North Atlantic for whales, learned from a passing ship that gold had been discovered in California, they lost all interest in oil, and headed by Swope, the villanous mate, they mutinied. Had it not been for Dorsey, the—rather unconvincing—English gambler whom they had taken aboard, Captain Bartlett and his lovely daughter would have been food for the sharks. But Dorsey had fallen hard for Priscilla, and although the crew took the ship to San Francisco and there abandoned her, they spared the skipper's life as well as that of his little daughter. But that was only the beginning of things. And there's a good deal of swift and violent action before the final tableau. Reasonable and exciting, and fairly well written.

Jonathan Norton Leonard's Loki: The Life of Charles Proteus Steinmetz Doubleday Doran

Steinmetz was really a child prodigy all his life. A highly developed brain, so overspecialized in mathematics that it was incapable of handling the problems of everyday existence, in a pitifully weak and deformed body. Born and educated in Breslau, he came to America as a result of police intervention in his very mild Socialistic activities. He got employment with a manufacturer of hat machinery, and from this position went to the General Electric Company, where he remained for the rest of his life. For a time he was head of the experimental laboratories, but his practical inefficiency was so great that he was removed from this position and given a free hand to work on the formulae which were all he cared for. Interest in the biography of a man whose life was his work, and whose work was so abstruse as to be incomprehensible to the lay mind, is not easy to arouse, but Mr. Leonard has done so by the ease and informality of his style. The history of the popular myth which the newspapers built up about Steinmetz, and which Steinmetz himself came in the end to consider the truth, is the most human part of the story.

The Omnibus of Crime Payson & Clarke

It has always been our belief that the reviewer should read the books he criticizes, if only for the purpose of avoiding being himself severely criticized by author and publisher. But we admit frankly that we haven't read all the 1200 pages of this tome. Here are 62 short and long-short stories—half of them tales of detection and mystery, half of mystery and horror—selected by Dorothy L. Sayers, who is herself a most competent writer of the same. She writes also an interesting introduction, showing the why and how of this form of fiction, which, if you are an addict, should provide you with a well reasoned apology. If you feel the need of one. Personally we don't. We have read and enjoyed mystery and horror for years, and the faint air of apology with which people show the title of a detective story when asked what they are reading seems to us an affectation, and a confession of the most poisonous form of pseudo-intellectual snobbism. Personally, if the old "What single book for a desert isle" question was asked us at this moment, we should promptly choose this one. It's not only the best selection we've ever seen; it is, we believe, the best selection possible.

Rex Stout's How Like a God Vanguard

The life of a man, reviewed as he climbs the stairs to kill his mistress. "There's never been a minute in your life when you haven't been ready to run if somebody made a face at you," his wife says to him; and his success, the esteem and affection in which he is held, only emphasize for him his inner inadequacy. Goaded by this, he at last acts, but only to destroy everything he has gained. Possibly you will call this an "unpleasant" book, but it didn't seem so to us. We found it intensely interesting, in spite of the difficulty the author must have found in having Bill tell his story to himself. The friend, the wife, the mistress are all completely seen, three dimensional figures. And the passages dealing with his brief love affair with Lucy are charming.

Beware After Dark! Macaulay

A good average collection of fantastic stories which includes Hawthorne, Stevenson, Irvin Cobb, Phillips Oppenheim and Cynthia Stockley—among others. Some are pleasant, some horrible—and a few very badly done. But that's a matter of taste. And there are some for every taste—provided you don't object to fantasy.

The Great Weird Stories Duffield

Still another collection, which has a number of well known weird stories which have not been reprinted in some time, and several with which we were unfamiliar. A little less modern than those in *Beware After Dark,* and with more literary value. The two books supplement each other well.

Cecil Barr's Suzy Falls Off Boni

Mr. Barr handles indelicacies very adroitly in this light amusing tale of Suzy—nineteen, pretty, and one of those blondes whom gentlemen prefer—and the difficulties in which she became involved through her kind-hearted attempt to place a chance-met acquaintance's money on a horse at the Longchamps races. Pursued by detectives, captured by a wicked English roué, involved in mysterious intrigues, she still manages with the aid of her chauffeur, to escape unpleasant consequences until, in the end, she falls into the arms of the chauffeur, and incidentally off the plank on which she has with some difficulty contrived to balance precariously until her twentieth year.

Agatha Christie's Partners in Crime Dodd Mead

By no means as good a detective story as we have a right to expect from Mrs. Christie, although it is amusing, and contains much good burlesque of modern sleuth yarns. A young couple, Tommy and Tuppence, take over a detective agency, and the record of their cases, in which they attempt imitations of various detectives of fiction, is funny, but only occasionally—very occasionlly—grips you with the weird, mysterious grip which is the sine qua non of such a tale. *(Continued on Page 74)*

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Correctives for Racial Pride

As Found in Recent Books

PATRIOTISM is not enough. So Edith Cavell, martyr and patriot, testified in an hour when the sun of patriotism stood at high noon.

Other virtues, submitted to a similar calm judgment at a time when they are most in favor, are certain to experience a like deflation. The religious ecstasy of the revival is not enough. The consciousness of rectitude which executed Sacco and Vanzetti, and which refuses to Mooney and Billings and the Centralia prisoners a review of their apparently unjust sentences, is not enough. The energetic demand for law enforcement in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment and the Prohibition laws is not enough. Let Manchuria and the "hard realities" which MacDonald and Dawes have encountered in connection with naval reduction bear witness that the Kellogg pact, the solemn renunciation of war as an instrument of foreign policy, is not enough.

Above all other obvious insufficiencies among current popular virtues, racial pride—however unpalatable the truth—is not enough. It is in fact not anywhere near enough. It falls so far short of being a dependable principal of life that the question is whether it serves any useful purpose at all.

The delusion on which the sense of racial superiority rests has often been exposed by scientists. When it is once understood that there is no such thing as a pure race, the whole edifice of racial superiority crumbles. There is nothing in the differences in the color of skin, shape of eyes or nose or lips or skull, build of skeleton, fibre of brain, or mental processes, which warrants any individual in cherishing a feeling of innate and inalienable superiority over the individuals of another race as such.

But we need not insist on dispelling the delusion. What is essential is merely that we shall recognize that it is not enough, that racial pride, like patriotism or sectarian zeal or passion for law and order or loyalty to a political party or intellectual Brahminism or honest scepticism, is at best a fragmentary virtue; and then to look about for aids to make up the deficit or to serve as correctives.

The best of all correctives is to observe with open mind what other races really are like. In the United States we are not without favorable opportunities for such observation. The Negro has had an extraordinary opportunity to study the white man; and although, as Dr. Robert R. Moton shows so clearly in *What the Negro Thinks* (Doubleday, Doran), the white man who claims to understand the Negro generally does not, still the advantage of a better understanding is evident.

Our foreign-born people are so numerous and represent so many racial groups that we may learn without going abroad pretty nearly the whole secret of racial adjustments, pretty nearly the whole truth that all peoples of the earth are of one blood.

The Institute of Social and Religious Research has had the happy idea of making a special study of Immigrant Farmers and Their Children (Doubleday, Doran). One quarter of all the foreign-born in America live in rural areas. One of the most interesting experiments in colonization is that engineered by Hugh McRae of Wilmington, North Carolina, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who established in his native state several little colonies of homogeneous national groups. It is amusing and enlightening to learn that the most successful of them is a makeshift colony composed of misfits—Hollanders, Poles, Italians, Greeks, Danes, Hungarians, and Russians who refused to be satisfied with any of the farms in the settlements to which they properly belonged. From the start the farmers in this mixed colony struck out on lines of their own. They spoke English to one another—at first because they had to, and later by deliberate regulation, because they were determined not to miss any discoveries, inventions, or happy ideas that might be afloat. It was a speedy self-Americanization of a lot of simple immigrants, with not a single hundred-percent Anglo-Saxon to interfere.

In far-off Caucasus—far off racially, socially, and geographically—lies Armenia, one of the three nations which make up the Transcaucasian Socialistic Federated Soviet Republic. American workers in the Near East Relief have had a magnificent opportunity, of which they seem to have made magnificent use, to get acquainted at home with these people of whom we have known many in our melting-pot. Now Frank A. Ross, in a fascinating chapter in *The Near East and American Philanthropy* (Columbia University Press), has shared his impressions with the public.

This chapter, and others by C. Luther Fry and Elbridge Sibley telling of Albania, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Iraq, Palestine, and Syria, are interpretative accounts of these peoples in the Near East as they are at the present moment, ten years after the War and the revolutions. The book is a constructive discussion of American philanthropy, but it is also a contribution to inter-racial and international understanding. Its moral is that racial pride, a sense of racial superiority, is not enough, even where the race has something to boast of.

The Gold Coast and the Slum by Harvey W. Zorbaugh (University of Chicago Press) also, incidentally to its central purpose, illuminates our understanding of several foreign groups in the Lower North Side of Chicago—Sicilians, for example, Greeks, and the largest Persian colony in America—as well as of several American groups living hard by, who are no less distinct (from one another and from the foreign-born) in their economic life, their customs, institutions, attitudes, and beliefs.

The theme of the study, as explained by Professor Robert E. Park in the introduction, is that the assumption on which our political system is founded—that people who live in the same locality have common interests—is not valid for our large cities. Ample proof that "physical distances and social distances do not coincide" is offered, if proof were needed, by Mr. Zorbaugh's realistic account of the diverse communities in this small area a mile and a half wide.

Here, side by side, are the "Gold Coast," along the north shore of the lake, where live Chicago's "Four Hundred;" the world of furnished rooms, with its "mobile, anonymous, individual" population of childless young men and women; "Towertown," a disintegrating bohemia; the "hobohemia" of North Clark Street and "Bughouse Square;" and the slum which has been occupied in turn by Irish, Germans, Swedes, and Sicilians, and is now being invaded by Negroes from the South. The book documents many things which are perfectly familiar through personal observation and works of fiction, but which in too many plans for social improvement seem to be overlooked.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

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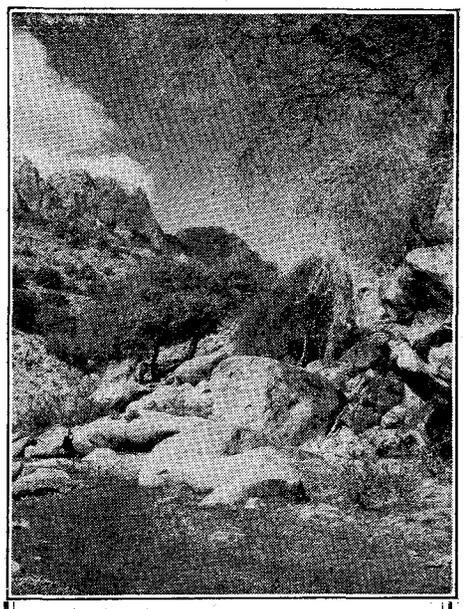

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

GEORGE M. COHAN'S new mystery comedy, *Gambling,* reminds us of the man who dreamed that he held a no-trump grand slam in a bridge game and bid accordingly; only to have his opponent lead a Green Ace and exclaim, "What! None of the green suit?"

Gambling is just like that. Mr. Cohan has written a rip-snorting first act full of suspense and drama presenting as pretty a murder mystery as we have ever seen produced upon the stage. Then he himself, along with his audience, proceeds to solve it in the next three acts—only to have a completely new element brought in at the end which totally upsets the grand slam—just like the green ace. And furthermore, there appears to be no reason for the green ace at all.

We won't give away the mystery because that isn't fair. But as the gentleman who sets himself to find the murderer, Mr. Cohan plays the rôle of a gambler from the West—of the good old kind-hearted, loyal and true type—whose wits are of the keenest and whose methods presumably are of the cleverest. In solving the mystery he proceeds to deceive everybody he knows as to his real purposes—including the audience most of the time—makes love to two girls at once, neither of whom he likes, and plays into the hands of the police finally, so that he has his own gambling joint "pulled," apparently for the purpose of having a scene in a district attorney's office; we couldn't discern any other reason. Then, when he has finally impressed everybody with his magnificent brains and keen humor, and his devoted followers are on tiptoe to see him solve the mystery, lo and behold, it seems that he has been on the wrong track all the time! Somebody slipped a diamond ring back of the bookcase in the first act and nobody knew it. And this diamond ring held the solution of the mystery and Mr. Cohan has been barking up the wrong tree, very cleverly, all the evening.

N. Y. Times

GEORGE M. COHAN

Well, to us it was the Green Ace and it made us very mad. We had begun to doubt the whole affair anyway in the second act, despite the impression of a gambler's brains which Mr. Cohan was giving us; and we had tried very hard to believe that any one with sense would go to such tremendous lengths to produce such trifling results. So that to have it turn out to have been quite useless gave us a bad let-down.

There is no denying the fact that George Cohan is a genius in his line. He proved that long before we ever wrote any dramatic criticism. And in his present show he gives such a deft and brilliant performance that it is very difficult to visualize the play without him. He is a master of all the arts of the actor, even that of suggesting varying shades of emotion with shadowy gestures. But we humbly submit that this is not enough. He ought to have a good vehicle to act in. And *Gambling,* while it is full of the most expert kind of theatrical effects taken one by one, in the sum total is a hoax on the audience and not—like *The Tavern* of humorous memory—an intended one. As a play it simply runs off the track.

In our judgment, if Mr. Cohan can make a protracted hit out of *Gambling,* it will be purely by the force of his personality and his attractive ability for acting. It will not be because of the play itself.

Perhaps we are moved to these rather bitter reflections because when all is said and done he provides an excellent evening of entertainment—one that perhaps would satisfy you almost completely if he had not raised your hopes so high in that magnificent first act, with its tantalizing delays, dramatic piling of mystery upon mystery, and final crash of drama.

We advise everybody to see the first act of this play. We don't want anybody to blame us because they are not highly pleased with the rest of it.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Green Murder Case"

THE EXPLOITS of the incredibly elegant Philo Vance have always intrigued this department, albeit Mr. Vance's personal habits of speech and demeanor have often caused us to froth slightly at the mouth. We attended the all talking picturization of *The Greene Murder Case* beset by a mild preliminary wonder as to how far Mr. William Powell would go in his impersonation of this amazin' detective and fearing, let us add, the worst.

Conceive, then, our relief when Mr. Powell appeared on the screen quietly and correctly garbed and proceeded with his lines in similar fashion. Not once did Philo Vance unlimber the frightful word "amazin'," nor did he address Sergeant Heath as "Sergente Mio." He did not once inform his friend, District Attorney F. X. Markham, that he (Vance) had been unable to give thought to the mystery in hand, because of his attendance the previous evening at a perfectly rippin' lecture on the Minor Poets of Cinquecento.

The admirable restraint thus exhibited by Mr. Powell and Bartlett Cormack, writer of the dialogue, provided just so much velvet to this spectator and did much to counterbalance the indubitable dullness of *The Greene Murder Case* as a detective movie.

A detective movie should be equipped either with a certain amount of thrill and suspense; with a clever exposition of the crime-detection principles involved, or with both. *The Greene Murder Case* can be sat through without active distaste, but it is decidedly humdrum—particularly when and if compared to the gruesome novel from which it derives.

But there is a competent cast and effective settings and it can by no means be said that the picture lacks touches of interest. If nothing more exciting is in a way to interfere, such as a pulse-quickening bout at anagrams, you may take this photoplay in, and no harm done.

"Modern Love"

FOR PURPOSES of the record, note is hereby made of the so-called comedy titled as above, and a warning issued, that we trust won't come too late, sedulously to avoid same. This is, of course, assuming that the title in itself would not be sufficient to keep you away, regardless of what might reach your ears concerning the picture's merits or otherwise. Jean Hersholt, an expert character actor, is featured, and it was this circumstance that led us into the shocking error of going to the thing. There is no talking in it and since it is the sort of movie that talking would have made worse, this may be regarded as a mitigating circumstance; but not mitigating enough—not nearly mitigating enough.

The English Anomaly

SINCE THE successful advent in this country of the talking picture, British producers have been making dogged efforts to get in on the gravy by making some talkies of their own.

We are informed by persons who have witnessed some of the attempts that they are far worse in all respects than our native product, but chiefly are they inferior in the matter of acting.

When one pauses to reflect on this statement, it seems incredible. Considering the vocalizing of the home talent, the most patriotic American is hard put to believe that any actors, and particularly English actors, could be worse, or even as bad. Reflecting on the fact that most of the successful male actors on the American stage are English, the situation is even more incomprehensible. Pay a visit to *Journey's End* some evening, and when you have recovered from the sharp stab of emotion the play will deal you, remember the beautiful diction and flawless performances, and try to imagine an American company matching either. *Journey's End,* of course, is wholly British to begin with, but the men who play it would have been equally impressive as Chinamen, Hindus or Poles, as long as they were acting in the English language.

To us, English actors and English methods, either in the original, or in studious imitation, have constituted a hope for the talking screen that would tend toward the eradication of many things that ail it. If this isn't so, we may expect an era of quacking through the nose and curling of the letter "r" around the tongue that will be a sorry departure from the generally pleasing intonations of the English and the Anglicized American school.

We still have two silent stars of first magnitude to hear from in the talkies—Harold Lloyd and Charles Chaplin.

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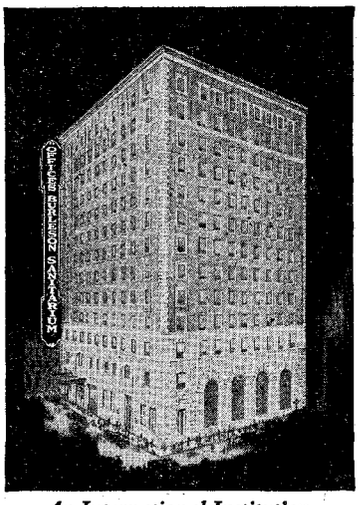
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From the Life

The Chimney Sweep

By IBBY HALL

WORD HAD BEEN SENT from the shelter hut—from six thousand feet above the sea, from the whiteness and silence of the Tyrol glaciers—that the chimney wanted cleaning.

Down in the valley lived the chimney sweep, and although most of his small life had been devoted to the winds of chimneys until he had come to look like a ball of his own sweepings; and although it was his pride that no chimney in the town was too high for him, he was at last impressed. For he must climb, by foot and wheel, thousands of feet before the chimney even began. And the chimney would be higher still.

On the day that he was to make his ascent, he stood quietly for a moment at the beginning of his journey, and looked upward. Around about the valley the snow-clad hills rose high and white, touching the sky; reaching and lifting against the sun as if they begged magic to resolve them once again into living water.

He for one had never been afraid of them. He had seen them sometimes from the chimney tops as they must have been in the beginning—his fancy showed him a wide circle of blowing fountains, great plumes of water set about the valley like a flowing crystal bowl.

Now they were still and frozen, and he was about to climb higher than they could reach. At the top of the chimneys at the Shelter he would look down where before he must look up. The entire world would lie under his eyes. No one but a chimney sweep, no one but himself could rise higher than these giants.

When at length he reached the Shelter, he found it a bare and simple place anxiously dependent upon its chimneys. That was as it should be. The soot must never hang so heavy as to catch fire in a desolate and bitter spot like this, where fires must be piled high and blazing from one dawn to the next.

The chimney sweep started his work by climbing to the top of the highest chimney and looking about him. With one leg inside the chimney ready for the descent, he threw back his head and looked up. That was a disappointment; for after all he was not so high as he had supposed. Cold and tall, the giants still rose above him straining towards a higher sky.

Then the chimney sweep looked down. That was different. That was as he had imagined—only he had not thought it would appear so like the sides of a chimney. There it slid beneath him, this wall of ice, dripping snow and icicles instead of soot. He threw his head back and laughed out loud in the cold brilliant air. That was a remarkable idea! A huge chimney all of ice and himself sliding down the sides of it sweeping it clean until, by the time he should reach his valley at the bottom, he would be as white—as white—(he looked down at himself)—as he was now black.

It was an enormous joke. With each chimney he paused at the top to look down the slanting roof, below—further—down the glistening slopes—and laughed again—

When he had finished with the last chimney, had swept it clean from top to bottom and found himself only a little blacker than before, he had arrived at a decision. He would not go back by the traveled way; not at all. He would take the way his eye had shown him, sliding over ice, slipping from one great crag to another until he should arrive at the bottom.

He had not realized, however, until the Shelter was out of sight, how wide the world was that had appeared only high. Should he turn here, over this cliff of snow, or yonder into the hollow? Even the grade was not always discernible. Sudden juts and walls of ice destroyed his view. He found himself watching not the distant valley nor the peaks that rose about him, but the treacherous footing for his next step. What had seemed to be a safe and gradual slope had now become an icy sieve. He must look about him anxiously or he would break his leg in an unsuspected hole; or pitch headlong over an unseen frozen rock.

This was the great glacier that he was sliding over. How deep was it? How wide? In sudden answer to his uncertainty a crevice opened abruptly at his feet. Too late for him to throw himself backward, he doubled his legs under him like a jack-rabbit and hurled himself forward. Already behind him, the crack widened—was yawning—was a precipice. He picked himself up shudderingly and started on again, only to stop short in terror. Another crevice—an abyss, in front of him. He was caught.

Terror dropped the chimney sweep limply on the ice that was his foothold. He pressed himself against the cold as though in that nearness it might be welded to his dizzy heart and hold him back from death. But terror gave him no peace. He could not stay with those widening blacknesses. He found himself on his feet once more. He began jumping madly up and down.

A marionette—a tiny black marionette scarecrow dancing on strings upon a glacier—lakes of blue ice for a back drop and in front of him the pit! A small band of tourists safe upon their path, gaped and pointed. Guides stared and made their preparations.

The chimney sweep lay quietly at last down in the Valley, recovering. The houses here crowded close upon the ground. The chimneys all were humble. Some day he would slide down them again; content that they were no higher; content himself to be black.

The Week's Reading

(Continued from Page 70)

A. Fielding's The Mysterious Partner Knopf

Farthing was one of the oldest houses in England. And under its roof were Edgar Danford, the owner; his wife, his brother and his stepdaughter; his estate agent, Rivers; his business partner and a number of other less important people—when there rang through the drawing-room the ghastly, ghostly laugh the third repetition of which always shortly preceded the death of a member of the family. Knowing this, it will not startle you to find the unfortunate Danford dead, strangled in his bed, a few mornings later. Whereupon our old friend Inspector Pointer, gets busy and untangles a very complicated mystery. A little long, but otherwise excellent, and credible everywhere but on page 246 where the heroine strokes the scorched cheek of a gentleman who has just been rescued from a burning house. True, he loved her, but we believe he'd have yelled just the same. And we do object to the excessive use of the apostrophe, as in "her's" and "your's." This is a liberty with the rules of grammar which even in these modern days we have not hitherto noted.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE SMALLEST and neatest traveling toilet kit for men we have ever seen is the Travellette. The case is about the size of a military brush, and contains everything necessary—razor, shaving cream, nail file, nail brush, tooth brush, tooth paste, comb and shoe polisher. It is the last word in compactness, and is not particularly expensive.

THE WESTINGHOUSE Adjust-O-Matic electric iron has a new heat control unit built in, which we can appreciate, even though we seldom have occasion to use an iron. There is a lever on the top which you set for the heat you want, and then you go ahead and iron without bothering whether it is getting too hot or not. No removing the cord to let the iron cool off, and no danger of overheating if you have to leave it for a while. The chrome-plated finish, also, is said to be an advantage, as it slips more easily over the materials than does the ordinary iron.

WORKING WITH ELECTRICITY is a book for children of 8 to 10 years which explains simply how electricity works and describes a number of simple experiments. There are chapters on lights, bells and magnets, messages by electricity, and messages before electricity and now. A child at all interested in electricity would get not only a good deal of fun but a lot of painless knowledge out of following the directions for making simple telegraph instruments, telephones and so on. The instructions are full and well illustrated.

A NEW SEWING KIT is a square box, finished in flowered chintz or velvet, the sides of which open out like the petals of a flower—such a pretty simile—to disclose on the inner side of each of the eight petals various accessories. Compact, and when it is open everything is immediately at hand.

IF THE CANDLES in your house have a tendency in hot weather to droop and crawl back down the candlesticks and go exploring over table and mantel tops, we recommend to you the Emery candles which, made by a new process, are said to maintain their rigidity in the hottest of weather. They come in eighteen shades and several shapes.

The Preference Chest is a rather large mahogany cigarette box, lacquered in green, black or red, and with a colored print mounted on the top of the lid, which has compartments for several kinds of cigarettes—each compartment being labeled with the name of the coffin nail contained therein. With one of these on your table your guests will have no excuse for making wry faces when they light the cigarettes you pass them, or for more or less politely refusing and pulling out their own brand.

BEFORE CORN on the cob has entirely disappeared this year from American dinner tables, we want to tell you about two kitchen tools which have recently come to our attention. The first is a corn slicer, for cutting the kernels off the cob. The blade is guarded in such a way that it can neither cut your fingers nor cut into the cob. The second is a corn creamer, which is somewhat similar in construction, but takes the cream of the corn, leaving the hulls on the cob. They are sold for a quarter each, and are well worth the money if you ever have occasion to perform either operation.

THERE'S A NEW Eveready flashlight which is small enough to fit into your vest pocket and yet gives a good bright light. Useful for finding keyholes, the right bell in an apartment house, or the interiors of larger pockets which haven't been emptied out in several months.

AN ICE BASKET is being shown in some of the stores made of either rose or green glass, engraved with a flower design, and fitted with rim, handle and tongs of nickel finish. There is also a nickel drainer in the bottom of the bucket.

WE ARE INFORMED by one of our most trusted advisers that a good gift for a kitchen shower is a dozen porous cotton dishcloths, 16 inches square, which come checked with red, green, blue or yellow, in packages. All alike or assorted colors.

IF YOU'RE BUILDING a fireplace, the U. S. Department of Agriculture Farmers' Bulletin No. 1230 is a pamphlet which will be a great help. Even experienced masons make mistakes in fireplace construction—with results which you have probably observed yourself. This bulletin gives complete instructions, well illustrated.

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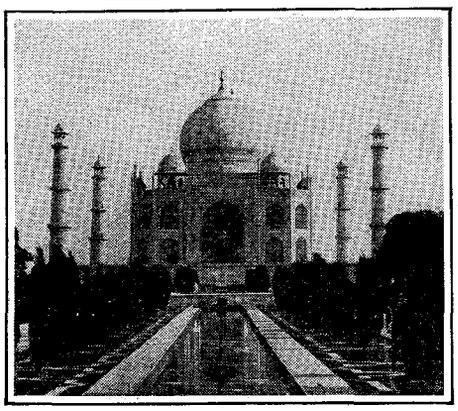

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EVA R. DIXON, Director

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The Lesson of Gastonia

(Continued from Page 49)

Standards for the regulation of child labor in the Southeastern industrial states are generally below the level of the country at large. The child labor laws are not sufficiently restrictive. Children of too few years are allowed to go into the mills. There is an absence of effective machinery for enforcing the child labor laws. Compulsory school attendance legislation is also below national standards and abounds also in provisions for exemptions. Closely connected with these well known weaknesses are those of shorter annual school terms in the Southern states and much illiteracy among the native adult whites as well as among the Negroes. The areas of the most illiteracy, the most child labor, and the least school attendance are almost identical. On all these matters the South needs correct information and courage adequate to face the facts.

Happily, there is evidence of a growing disposition to get the facts and when properly gathered and interpreted courage to face them is likely to arise. Already there is in some quarters an encouraging tendency among Southerners toward a searching criticism of these defects. There is a tendency to study the achievements and problems of other states and nations and to profit by their experiences. The practical question for the South to meet in its present confusion is how to give study and counsel to the difficulties it now faces, to establish and apply proper principles to the process of the rapid industrialization of the South, so as to escape the evils which afflicted other states and nations.

By the enlistment of all interested parties and by the application of intelligence and the lessons of history to the problems of the present, the industrial development of the Southern states can be made wholesome. However behindhand the South may now be, it can catch up. It will catch up and keep up. There is evidence that the outcome can be made safe and satisfactory. Industrialism has made for an economic prosperity that can be made to supply a high degree of social well-being for the humblest workers as well as for the middle and the upper classes.

Acme

STRIKE SUFFERERS

A group of children of striking mill-workers

In an article in the next issue

"Were They Insane?"

MRS. ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

discusses the question of insanity in the case of offenders against the law who have not yet become felons

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Holding Your Man In Russia

(Continued from Page 64)

"Oh, yes," he answers, "but what's that to do with her? Every woman works! You didn't think because she married me—?"

I nod. "Why not?"

He laughs. "That doesn't make a woman give up her job—not even after she has children. Work is always woman's main interest. Marriage isn't an interlude or lunch-station. You know if I want a divorce I don't even have to tell my wife but just come home at night and announce I no longer am her husband."

"I imagine she dreads that day—"

"No more than I do! Don't forget she can come home and tell me I'm out! Then what?" Uneasy, he knits his brows. "The law works both ways!"

"Would that disturb you?" I ask, "you're young and could win many other women—"

"But how do I know a second marriage would be better? Now at least I know what I have, and my wife and I understand each other. Some other woman might have more faults! I'm just as anxious not to lose my wife as she probably feels about me. As a result we're both always on our good behavior—never nagging or making our relationship commonplace. The fact that we do not possess each other keeps our marriage from slipping from its high plane."

"Children?" I ask.

He shrugs his shoulders. "That problem is my wife's, for she returns to her job immediately after child-birth. The child's maintenance comes from our joint funds. Should I divorce her, I pay one-third of my salary for the children's support until they are sixteen. That enables her to keep them in a day nursery and school, with meals in a co-operative kitchen, while she continues her work. She's certain of this allowance for them, no matter what my personal feelings, because the state deducts this third from my salary before I receive it.

"If I have a child and do not marry the mother, the same allowance is granted the child, so you see we have more voluntary parenthood. Here we give no attention to the details of marriage but only to the children. Yet we never feel that because our marriages are not iron bound, our ménages are not moral. What have laws to do with morals? Your marriages must have a judge or a mayor present because it brings in the question of dower rights and property inheritance. We have nothing like this to consider."

From the little bride I encounter on the steppes of Crimea, whose husband could not afford a ring to mark her betrothal and marriage, comes this observation: "Why should a ring bind my husband's allegiance more than his word? He said he loves me. That is enough. I work side by side with him in the vineyards and do not feel I'm being 'supported' by any man."

"My mother was unhappy when I only registered for my marriage," she confesses, "but I think this is more sincere than the conventional marriage. My husband knows I am his for love, not because of any hope of an easy berth, for I work as hard as I ever did. I know he is not deceiving me nor is enmeshed in any triangle, because if he loves another woman, it is simpler to divorce me and marry her than carry on an illicit affair. Our jobs and fifty-fifty households hold our marriages together because the men realize we never fear being suddenly cast adrift on our own resources,—which might make the average wife condone and base her home on a living lie."

"Ah, we Russian women are sincere in our work and in our love," she murmurs, "for we realize each makes the other possible. To women in other countries, the important part of marriage is property and security. We glory in the fact that materially, we have nothing to gain—and we ourselves helped bring about the law which sunders marriage when either party is dissatisfied. We do not believe in smothering a man with our love—but in leaving when love dies. And love does die," she ruminates sadly. "And it is during those depressing plateaus that work helps us carry on and once more find ourselves."

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

ALL EFFORTS of the Federal Reserve Board to the contrary notwithstanding the public is in the stock market with a vengeance. Not only the increase in brokers' loans but also the increase in volume of financial news throughout the country proves that Main Street has become Wall Street-conscious. In the leading article of the next issue Mr. Charles T. V. Murphy, formerly an associate of the *New York World* and a frequent contributor to The Outlook and Independent, analyses the factors which have destroyed the old prejudice against "the street."

THE PLEA of not guilty by reason of insanity, temporary or otherwise, in criminal trials has become so common that the testimony of psychiatrists appearing as witnesses for both defense and prosecution is now largely discredited. Furthermore the legal definition of insanity still varies in different states. In an article, "Were they Insane?" Mrs. Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, who is connected with the probation work of the Juvenile Court of Cleveland, considers the question of insanity in connection with offenders who have not yet become felons.

CONSIDERING the popularity of such war books as "All Quiet on the Western Front," we take pleasure in announcing that a new story, "Stretchers," describing the War from an entirely new angle will appear serially beginning with the next issue. In "Stretchers" Mr. Frederick A. Pottle, who is now professor of English at Yale University, describes his experiences while attached to an evacuation hospital near Belleau Wood. The events he describes constitute a terribly realistic document.

THOSE OF OUR readers who do not live in the national capital may be interested to know that the gentleman who under the initials A. F. C. contributes "Back Stage in Washington" has caused quite a to-do in political and diplomatic circles. All of Washington, apparently, is trying to find out the identity of our mysterious correspondent. It is rumored that even President Hoover is among those interested.

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With Our Readers

From a Professor of Law

University of Michigan

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Every lawyer interested in the betterment of conditions in his profession must welcome the publication of such papers as the one by Mr. MacKaye in your issue of August 21 on "Honor Among Lawyers." There is not so much significance in what Mr. MacKaye says—there is not much in the article that is new to the thoughtful and observant—as there is in the mere fact that a periodical of general circulation among non-professional as well as professional readers has seen fit to give the discussion of the subject a leading position.

Until it is realized by the public generally that they are getting exactly the kind of lawyers that their own action or inaction calls for there is little prospect of substantial improvement. Not for one minute would I want to be understood as suggesting that there is nothing for the legal profession itself to do in the way of cleaning house; far-reaching and lasting results, however, necessitate an awakened and outraged public opinion that will get action which even the better type of lawyers individually or in associations cannot accomplish. In this state, for example, more than once the Bar Association has voted overwhelmingly recommending the adoption of the standards of the American Bar Association, pointed out by Mr. MacKaye, but the Legislature does nothing.

It is generally recognized that the standards of the English bar and the administration of justice in England are far superior to the American brand. It is not easy to become a practicing lawyer in England, and the bar there may fairly be said to be aristocratic. Apparently the American people prefer the democratic type. That being the case, they may as well make up their minds to pay the price.

The legal profession in this country is overcrowded. Worse than that, it is being numerically dominated by undesirables, particularly in the metropolitan districts. Many of these are attracted to the law as a profession—or business—because they think they see therein an open road not perhaps so much to an easy means of livelihood as to political and social standing. The mere pressure of making a living by these ill-prepared hordes causes many of the scandalous conditions pointed out by Mr. MacKaye.

It is possible to get in this country a far better type of legal education than in England: at the same time it is generally possible here to be admitted to the bar with little or no training or proof of qualification. The Association of American Law Schools, not as Mr. MacKaye says, an association of *endowed* schools founded in 1921, has done much to improve the standards of legal education in a considerable number of schools. I know something of the work of this Association, having been its Secretary from 1922 to 1926 and its President during 1926. So far as admission to the practice of law is concerned, however, the Association has little or no influence. If admission to the bar required as a minimum the qualifications demanded of graduates of Association schools the problems would not have been solved by any means, but a long step towards their solution would have been taken. But that would involve what some seem to *think* would be a sacrifice of the democratic ideal. Of course it must be agreed that proof of a high standard of intellectual ability or of long training or of both does not assure honesty, morality or high ethical standards. The more rigorous the required training, however, the greater will be the elimination of the weak and those who see in the law an *easy* road to wealth or position. Moreover, the mere cutting down of numbers will do much to lighten the economic pressure upon those within the profession and thus tend to remove one of the chief causes of questionable practices. Ultimately the public will have to choose between this supposed democratic ideal, on the one side, and efficiency and a reasonable standard of honesty, on the other.

What the medical profession has accomplished is often held up to the lawyers as an example of what the latter should do. The medical people, however, have been fortunate in being free of the curse of the idea of democracy. No one has risen to declare that it is the natural and inherent privilege of every American boy to practice medicine. But to practice law—ah, that is different!

So long as people live in such a way that the orbits of their actions and desires overlap, law and lawyers are going to be with us. Non-professional publications such as The Outlook can do a lot in the way of developing the necessary public interest in the need for drastic reform.

Yours very truly,

RALPH AIGLER

The Tail or the Dog?

San Diego, California

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

With the appendage to its title that The Outlook took on, that old time magazine lost all resemblance to its former self. The tail now wags the dog. Indeed the hapless creature may be said to have quite disappeared from view leaving its tail behind as the only evidence of its former existence.

The old Outlook had a character of its own, a distinctive flavor that differentiated from its fellows. But under the new order it has lost its salt. In a process of renovation that has been applied to it the flavor has escaped and now the magazine is very like other forward looking publications of the day, all so earnest for reconstructions and so stirred up about this complex age.

To some of your older readers it would seem about the fair thing to drop "The Outlook" from the title page. One thinks of advertisements of beverages that would fane replace coffee and yet retain its alluring looks and ingratiating aroma.

Certainly The Outlook is wonderfully changed. For better or worse? There are evidently differences of opinion. There would be, of course. I do not feel impelled to a sweeping decision. I continue to read it with interest, with approbation and reprobation much as of yore.

Yours very truly,

BINNEY BRINTON

A Reply to Mr. Walker

Chattanooga, Tennessee

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I would like to know something of Mr. F. A. Walker of Normal, Ill. . . . . something of his antecedents and his surroundings that might explain the extraordinary warping of a mind that finds in the splendid article of the late Harvey O'Higgins a disparagement of Motherhood in general. To my mind it was a charming and inoffensive criticism of the farce of PROHIBITION.

Obviously if Mr. F. A. Walker had lived in the time of Christ he would have

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joined the Pharisees in saying "Crucify Him" but for a different reason, viz: the little matter of providing wine for the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee which was done, as my dear old Presbyterian Pastor said "to relieve the embarrassment of His hostess." Perhaps he would have demanded of our Lord that He say whether He was *for or against "booze?"*

Mr. F. A. Walker says "No man is entirely free from hypocrisy." Certainly he has a right to speak for himself and I believe that *he* is not free from hypocrisy.

Allow me to congratulate you on your splendid presentation of this and other live topics.

Yours truly,
R. W. McBryde

In Defense of Bishop Cannon

Luverne, Minnesota

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

Dear Sir:

I have just read Bishop Cannon's circular letter, and also your editorial comment on the same. The Bishop's letter will appeal to any fair-minded man as an honest and candid statement of his official and public activities. He faces every question raised and every criticism made against him in a frank and fearless manner. His reference to the wet and Roman Catholic press was inevitable, inasmuch as the criticisms against him have been chiefly from these sources. Undoubtedly the multitude of his friends and admirers will be greatly increased as a result of reading his letter.

As to your comment on the letter, that is not surprising. Because of the Bishop's activities in behalf of prohibition and his consequent opposition to Govornor Smith, your candidate for the presidency, your bitter prejudice against him has rendered you incapable of seeing anything good in his letter. But what you have said will do him no harm. Those who, like yourself, are prejudiced, will of course agree with you, but other readers of the letter will be favorably impressed.

Truly yours,
W. J. Robinson

Saving the Country

Los Angeles, California

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

Dear Sir:

I enclose clippings from the Liberator, our California prohibition paper, edited by sane men. Please read what Mrs. Booth says, also Mr. Borah and Henry Ford. It will be interesting to you.

Think of it, men. Here you are publishing such putrid stuff as that wretched O'Higgins writes and others of his kind, casting innuendoes week after week at all that Mr. Hoover and other men of like type are doing to enforce the laws of the land, filling your columns with sporting news galore and other similar stuff fit to be read by the underworld apparently trying day after day to throw discredit on the work of the Protestant Churches of America and the noble women of the land who are working their lives out to save their children, their precious sons and their daughters and their homes, delighting the underworld and the criminal element all over the civilized world, rarely or never publishing one word from such people as Borah, Ford and Mrs. Booth in their effort to help save the country from the wave of crime which you are, or appear to be, encouraging.

Shame on you!

I imagine dear old Dr. Lyman Abbott is turning over in his grave every week when your paper is read.

I imagine it is interesting to you to read the excoriations you get every week.

Yours for success and prosperity.

R. A. S. Wade

P. S. I wish that Carry Nation would come to life and wreck your old building but not kill you in your sins, but only scare you to death. Let me congratulate you on publishing that magnificent story of her career. It is a good antidote to kill your evil influence.

America on Wheels

Collins, Ohio

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

Dear Sir:

It seems to me that you deserve special commendation for publishing the article entitled "America on Wheels." Any device or custom that yearly brings about the death of 28,000 people, injures several hundred thousand, and inspires fear and dread in countless others even in a country as large as the United States should receive our whole-hearted attention and best efforts in correction. A war as destructive as the automobile traffic would horrify us.

It seems that the rights of the pedestrian, of the aged and the decrepit, and of those who are not willing to live dangerously fast should be more respected on the public streets and highways.

The automobile has been a boon to humanity, and is doubtless here to stay but it has created traffic problems that challenge the best constructive thinking of to-day.

There is a death in this country each year now for every thousand automobiles. It hardly seems possible that one out of every thousand machines that we encounter will have a killing to its credit within a year's time according to the laws of averages, yet the figures tell the tale indisputable.

Life should be held precious and preeminent. Its possessor should not be obliged to hazard it at every crook and turn in traffic. If our welfare and well-being depended upon speed there could be no complaint, but it does not necessarily do so.

The solution will no doubt be found in giving those desirous of speeding an opportunity to do so without endangering others, and in giving those with a slower tempo an opportunity to move at their desired speed, in improving the technique of driving, and in mechanical improvements.

For my part, I should like to see many more articles on this momentous subject.

Yours truly,
Frank A. Keck

In Support of Mr. Dewey

Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

Dear Sir:

In spite of his ridiculous "reformed" spelling, I indorse, in a measure, Melvil Dewey's letter of criticism in this week's Outlook. However, I am neither hopelessly pessimistic over the new Outlook nor unqualified in admiration for the old Outlook. Moreover, I never have cherished any periodical as a "kynd of weekli Bible." . . . .

Cordially yours,
G. A. Swertfager

Accusation

Hudsonville, Michigan

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

Dear Sir:

I am surprised that The Outlook will publish such articles as "The Sanctity of the Law" by Wainwright Evans.

That article is so decidedly "red" so subversive of security, safety, and stable government that if its principles were carried out I wonder what would become of "The Outlook," as well as the rest of us. You are heading for anarchy.

Yours for the sanctity of law.

John Vanderbeek

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WANTED. A BOARDER. Modern improvements. Electric lights, bath and hot water heat. Good home cooking. Pawling, N. Y. 627 Outlook and Independent.

Help Wanted

WANTED: Refined registered nurse as house-mother at boys' college preparatory school near New York. Address with training references, and salary expected. 9211 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

TUTOR, Dartmouth man, wishes position beginning September. 9178 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

COMPANION, 45, elderly lady or semi-invalid. Will travel. 135 Second Ave., Gloversville, N. Y.

AMERICAN woman, refined, cultured, long experience in social work, desires position as companion or housekeeper. Fond of children and elderly folks. Small salary acceptable with congenial people. 9206 Outlook and Independent.

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LADY wishes position in refined home. Useful companion, light housework. Wait on elderly person or semi-invalid. Country preferred. 9208 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION to adult or semi-invalid by competent, resourceful Protestant, kindly disposed. Housekeeping, nursing, traveling experience. Available October. 9210 Outlook and Independent.

Miscellaneous

TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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The Trans-Atlantic Derby

(Continued from Page 63)

it will be waged with a total disregard for the principles of economy, has already been demonstrated by the recent attempt of the Mauretania to beat the Bremen's record. Her owners had painstakingly prepared her, ignoring the expenditure of some $500,000 in the process. She bettered her own record by five hours and fell short of the Bremen's time by four. But during the forced run she consumed 15 per cent more fuel oil than the Bremen although the latter vessel is by 65 per cent larger.

The "Blue Ribbon" signifies not merely an international sporting proposition. It holds not only honors, but the cream of the transatlantic passenger business. For the next two to three years the Bremen and her sistership, the Europa, coming out next April, will be the beneficiaries. It will take that long for the other lines to get ready. While all of them had prepared some plans, none would decide upon a definite design of hull and machinery before the Bremen had been exhibited and had shown what she can do. Of course the skipper of the Bremen may yet have a couple of knots up his sleeve, which he will let out when the next contender enters the lists. Therefore the opponents will calculate on thirty knots.

The White Star Line will, moreover, top the 50,000 tons of the Bremen by another 10,000 tons, making the projected Oceanic a monster ship of 60,000 tons. Cunard Line, owners of the renowned Mauretania, are said to be planning even two 50,000 tonners, while the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique will build at least one ship, which "will surpass the Bremen in speed and size" according to utterances of their officials. Along the same lines pronunciamentos of the Italian lines have been issued. And last, but not least, Mr. T. V. O'Connor, Chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, loudly proclaims in public speeches that the United States Lines, with the aid of the United States Government, will build at least two giant ships, which will surpass in size and speed "anything afloat—the biggest in the World."

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